

CRIME

10¢

NO. 41

DOES NOT PAY

LEV GLEASON, PUBLISHER • CHARLES BIRO AND BOB WOOD, EDITORS

**ALL
TRUE
CRIME
STORIES!**

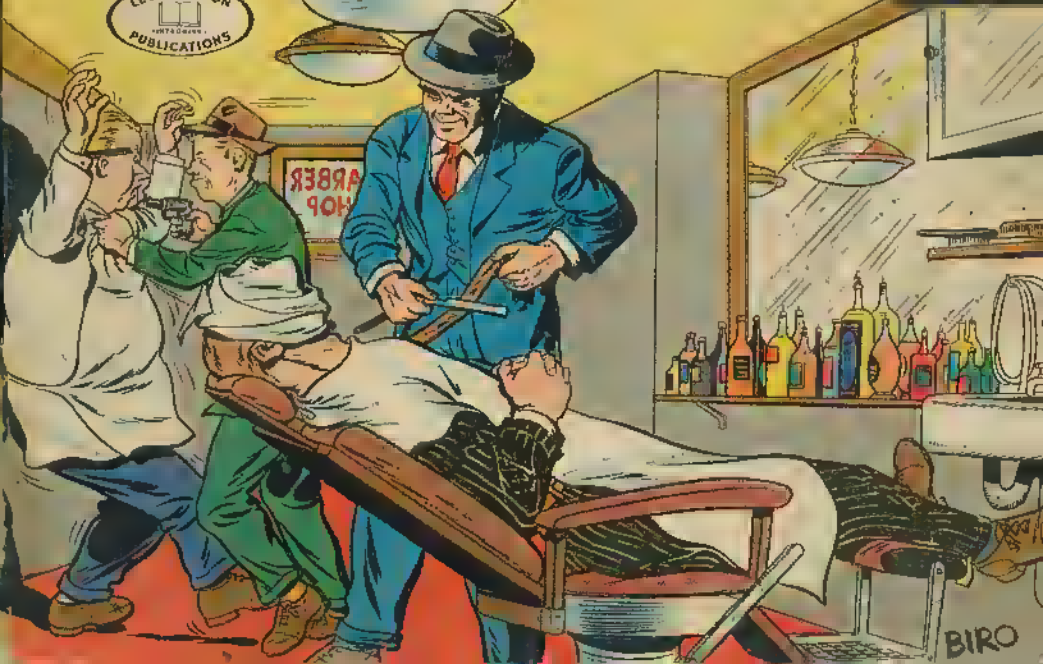
LEV GLEASON
PUBLICATIONS

IN THIS ISSUE:-

"THE SMILE OF DEATH"
"THE COCKSURE COUNTERFEITER"
"THE SLIPPERY MR. SMITH"

AND MANY OTHER
TRUE
CRIME STORIES

Attention-
A FULL-SIZE
52 PAGE
MAGAZINE!
NO SKIPPING!



[illegible]

THE COCKSURE COUNTERFEITER

LUIS, LUIS—COME
BACK! CRIME ISN'T YOUR
FRIEND! HE'S LEADING YOU
INTO A LIFE OF MISERY!
**STOP—BEFORE IT'S
TOO LATE!**

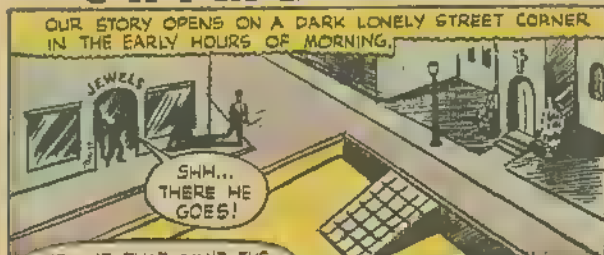
THAT QUIET, INTELLIGENT MAN WHO TRIES TO BE
WITH EACH ONE OF US ALL THE TIME! ABOVE WE
SEE A WOULD-BE CRIMINAL, LUIS (FRENCHY)
DESHELY--WILL HE HEED THE GOOD ADVICE OF
OFFICER COMMON SENSE OR WILL THE DEVILISH
AND S-O-U-L-L-E-N-D-E-D GARRY "KARON" DOWN
TO RUIN ???

FOR OBVIOUS REASONS THE NAMES OF
MANY OF THE CHARACTERS DEPICTED IN
THIS MAGAZINE ARE FICTITIOUS.

The Editors

CRIME DOES NOT PAY

OUR STORY OPENS ON A DARK LONELY STREET CORNER
IN THE EARLY HOURS OF MORNING.



SHH...
THERE HE
GOES!

NOW IF THAT AIN'T THE
WAY—I FORGOT TO SET MY
WATCH WITH THE CHURCH
CLOCK!



YEAH, BUT MIKE, WHY CAN'T WE WAIT
TIL HE GETS AWAY A BIT?

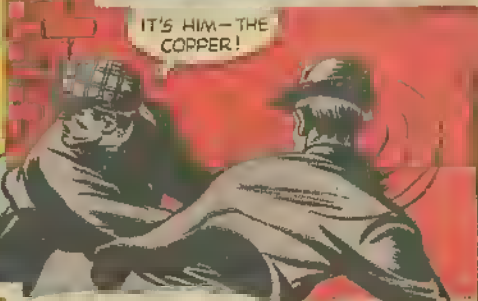
SHUT UP—HE PATROLS THIS
PLACE EVERY HALF HOUR—
WE MIGHT NEED SOME TIME
AND HE WON'T BE BACK
RIGHT AWAY!



SUFFERING...



IT'S HIM—THE
COPPER!



SO IT'S TROUBLE YOU'RE
LOOKIN' FOR IS IT?



SURE, ANY FOOL CAN
SEE—YOU'RE TOO SMART
FOR US!

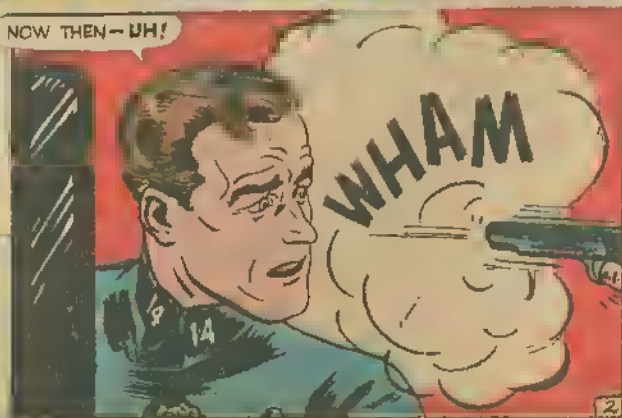


NOT A MOVE YE YOUNG
DEVILS OR IT'LL BE THE
MORGUE I'M CALLIN'!



DON'T WORRY
COPPER—WE KNOW
WHEN WE'RE
LICKED!

NOW THEN—UH!



CRIME DOES NOT PAY

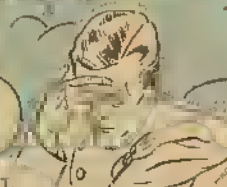
JOHN O'SHAY, WHAT IN BLAZES
ARE YOU UP TO—WHAT'S HAPPENED?



THOSE THUGS—NOW WHAT
HAPPENED—LET'S SEE—ONE
OF THEM HAD A
GUN AND...



OH, OH, O'SHAY—
SOMETHING TELLS
ME THIS IS THE ONE
YOU FORGOT TO DUCK!
I DON'T LIKE THE
FEEL OF THIS!



WE HAVE OUR COURT HERE, TOO,
JOHN, AND AS A FORMER OFFICER
ON EARTH YOU MAY HAVE YOUR
CHOICE OF THE WORK YOU WOULD
LIKE TO UNDERTAKE—
WHAT SHALL IT BE?

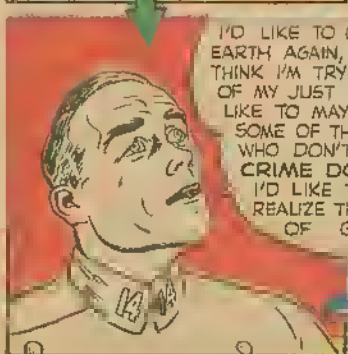
ONE MOMENT,
PLEASE, YOUR

HONOR! THIS IS ALL KINDA
QUICK LIKE AND I DON'T EXACTLY
HAVE MY BEAT DOWN! BUT, WELL—
COME TO THINK
OF IT, SIR, THERE
IS A JOB I'D
LIKE!



THAT'S A FINE THING, JOHN—BUT YOU
KNOW THEY CAN'T HEAR YOU, BUT, WELL—
PERHAPS YOU CAN HELP! PERMISSION
GRANTED AND GOOD LUCK, MY BOY!

I THINK I CAN HELP, SIR! YOU
SEE I'VE BEEN SO CLOSE TO CRIME
FOR SO LONG THAT—WELL, MAYBE
I CAN SORT OF MAKE MY PRESENCE
FELT! AND THANK YOU,
YOUR HONOR!



I'D LIKE TO GO DOWN TO
EARTH AGAIN, SIR! NOW DON'T
THINK I'M TRYING TO SLIP OUT
OF MY JUST REWARD—BUT I'D
LIKE TO MAYBE TRY AND HELP
SOME OF THE WEAK PEOPLE
WHO DON'T REALIZE THAT
CRIME DOESN'T PAY!
I'D LIKE TO MAKE 'EM
REALIZE THE TRUE VALUE
OF GOOD COMMON
SENSE!



GOOD LUCK, OFFICER COMMON
SENSE—THE FORCES OF JUSTICE
ARE WITH YOU!

I'VE NEVER SEEN THE
LIKES OF THIS BEFORE!
I SQUEEZE MYSELF AND
THERE'S NOTHING TO
GET HOLD OF—AND
SUCH BEAUTIFUL
MUSIC!

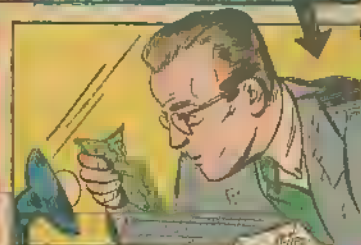
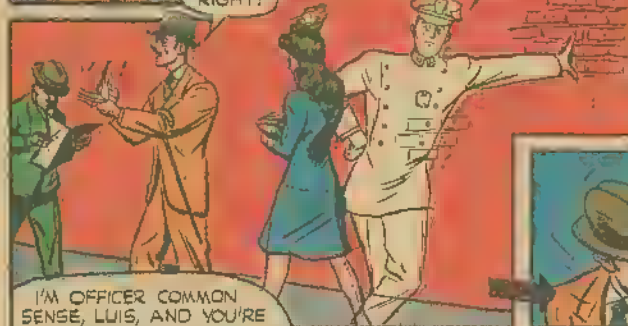
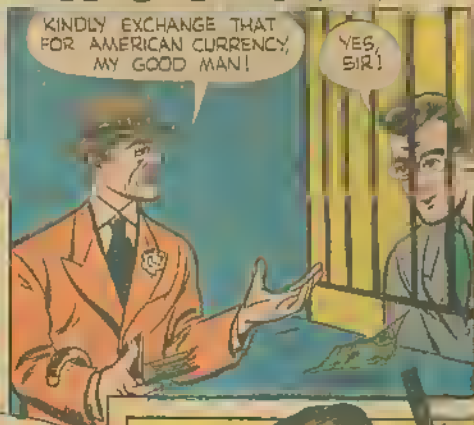


YOU WILL, OFFICER
O'SHAY! THERE'S NO
UNHAPPINESS
HERE!



CRIME DOES NOT PAY

MEET LUIS DESHELLEY, DAPPER-LOOKING AND ONE OF THE CLEVEREST COUNTERFEITERS NEW YORK HAS SEEN —



CRIME DOES NOT PAY

WELCOME HOME, LUIS! I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR YOU!



BAH! I'VE BEEN A FOOL TO WORRY! WHY, I CAN HARDLY TELL MY COUNTERFEIT NOTES FROM THE REAL ONES MYSELF, AND WITH MY GRACE AND CHARM THERE'S NOT A CHANCE OF BEING DISCOVERED!



SACRÉ!! THESE ARE NOT OUR NOTES!! THEY ARE COUNTERFEITS--LOOK!! LOOK!! DOZENS OF ZEM! CALL ZEE AMERICAN AMBASSADOR! GET ZEE POLICE!



NO, FRIENDS, THE EXCHANGE HOUSE DIDN'T DISCOVER LUIS' DECEIT-- BUT THE FRENCH BANKERS--WELL, COME AND SEE HOW THEY FELT ABOUT THE NOTES!

CLEVER--CLEVER! THEY ARE ALMOST THE SAME--SAVE FOR ONE TINY FLAW!



"I WATCHED THEM SET THE TRAP FOR MY LUIS! HEH, HEH, BUT I WASN'T WORRIED! I KNEW HE WAS TOO CORRUPT TO LEARN BY ONE LESSON!"

THE CLERK'S SIGNAL-- HE'S OURS! LET'S GET HIM!



YOU'RE REALLY A SMART PUPIL! WHY, THEY'LL NEVER GET WISE TO YOUR FAKE BILLS AT THE FOREIGN EXCHANGE HOUSE! YOU'RE IN, MY BOY, YOU'RE IN!



WE'RE GOVERNMENT AGENTS--YOU'RE UNDER ARREST!



CRIME DOES NOT PAY

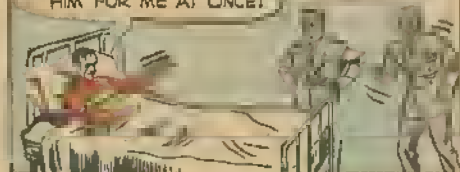
HO, IT WAS REALLY FUNNY WATCHING LUIS TRY TO FIGHT HIS WAY FREE!



OWWWW!



YOUR LOW HUMOR IS MOST UNAPPROPRIATE! HERE IS MY ATTORNEY'S ADDRESS! FETCH HIM FOR ME AT ONCE!



LATER...

ALRIGHT, DESHELLEY-- YOU'RE OUT ON BAIL! SEE YOU IN COURT!

ONE MOMENT, MY GOOD MAN! I ALWAYS PAY MY ATTORNEY'S CASH ON THE LINE!



"YOU SHOULD HAVE SEEN LUIS CONFESSING TO THE POLICE WHILE IN THE HOSPITAL! HEH! HEH! HE WAS MOST AMUSING!"

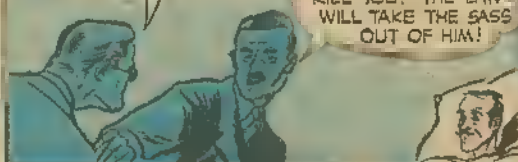
YES, I ADMIT COUNTERFEITING THE BILLS! HOWEVER, YOU ARE NOT DEALING WITH AN ORDINARY CRIMINAL! I HAPPEN TO COME FROM A FINE VENEZUELAN FAMILY AND AM A CULTURED WORLD TRAVELER!

JOH, PARDON US! IN THAT CASE WE'LL LET YOU GO FREE RIGHT AWAY!



WHY-OF ALL THE COLOSSAL CRUST-- JUST LET ME...

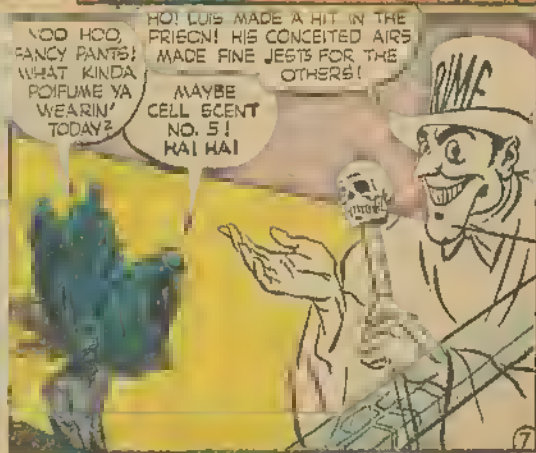
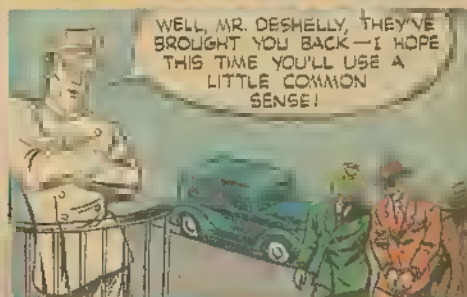
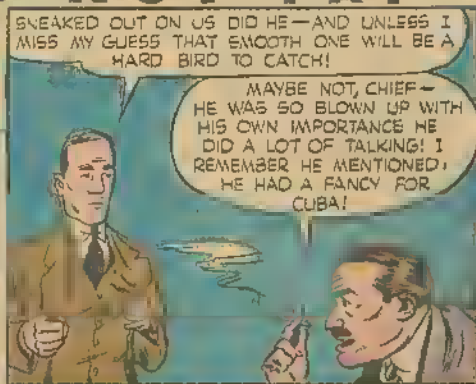
HOLD IT, CURRANS! DON'T LET THAT PONEEY RILE YOU! THE LAW WILL TAKE THE SASS OUT OF HIM!



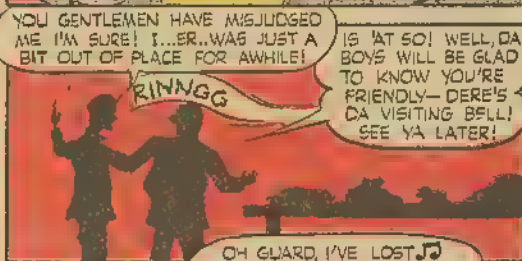
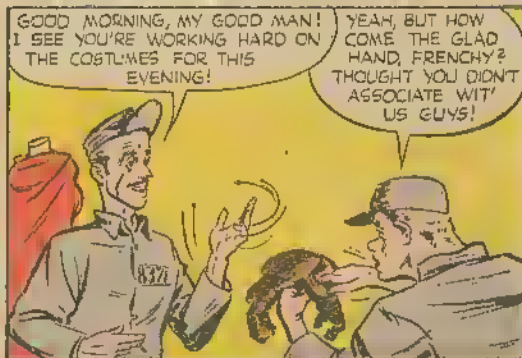
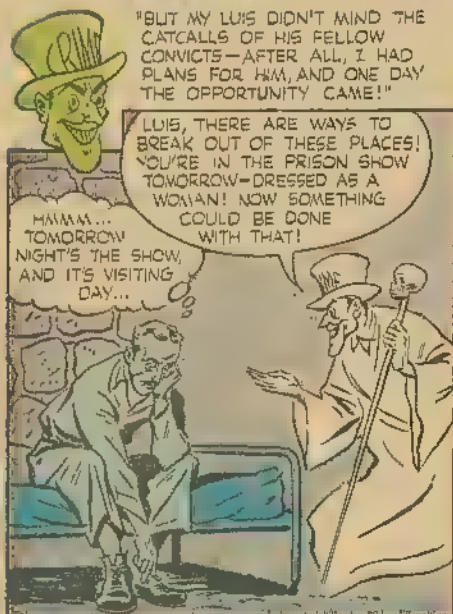
ONE NEVER CAN TELL WHAT WILL OCCUR 'TWTXT THE CRIME AND THE COURT! NAH-GOODBYE!



CRIME DOES NOT PAY



CRIME DOES NOT PAY



CRIME DOES NOT PAY



"HO, FOLKS, MY PUPIL WAS GETTING A REAL TRAINING IN CRIME! HE WAS CAPTURED TEN MONTHS LATER UPON HIS RELEASE, HE BEGAN COUNTERFEITING FIFTY CENT PIECES AND ONCE AGAIN THE SECRET SERVICE STEPPED IN! HEH, HEH! BUT I WASN'T WORRIED—HIS BIGGEST DAY WAS YET TO COME!"

1935



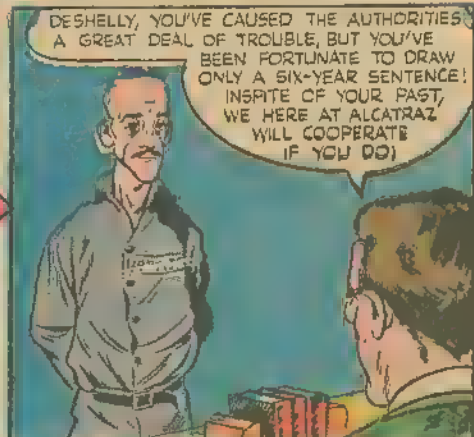
MY THIRD JIG IN PRISON! WELL, THEY HAVEN'T BEATEN ME YET! I'M STILL YOUNG ENOUGH TO MAKE MY BIGGEST TAKE, BUT THIS TIME I'LL HANDLE THINGS DIFFERENTLY!



NOT KEEPS, FRIEND—JUST SIX YEARS! THAT ISN'T FOREVER, YOU KNOW—AND SOMETHING TELLS ME IF WE WORK TOGETHER, IT MIGHT BE VERY GOOD TRAINING!

I DON'T GETCHA!

WHAT'S UP YOUR SLEEVE, FRENCHY?



DESHHELLY, YOU'VE CAUSED THE AUTHORITIES A GREAT DEAL OF TROUBLE, BUT YOU'VE BEEN FORTUNATE TO DRAW ONLY A SIX-YEAR SENTENCE! INSPIRE OF YOUR PAST, WE HERE AT ALCATRAZ WILL COOPERATE IF YOU DO!



SO THIS IS ALCATRAZ, BETTER KNOWN AS 'THE ROCK!'

YEAH, AND IF YA GOT ANY ILLUSIONS ABOUT BREAKING OUT, FRENCHY, FORGET IT! IT CAN'T BE DONE!

SURE! YER HERE FER KEEPS!



YOU'LL SEE, LADS—WHEN THE TIME COMES!

IN THE YEARS TO FOLLOW, LUIS LEARNED ALL THE TRICKS FROM HIS HARDENED PLAY-MATES ON "THE ROCK"! HE WAS COLLECTING INFORMATION AND NAMES AND ADDRESSES—HEH, HEH—YES, FRENCHY WAS A BUSINESSMAN AFTER MY OWN HEART!



CRIME DOES NOT PAY

"FINALLY THE GREAT DAY CAME WHEN MY PUPIL WAS RELEASED."

"DON'T BE IMPATIENT NOW, BOYS! I'VE GOT BIG THINGS PLANNED—YOU'LL HEAR FROM ME!"



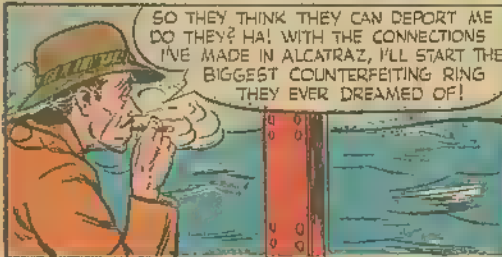
GREETINGS, FRENCHY! CAN WE GIVE YOU A LIFT?

I'M A FREE MAN NOW! YOU COPS DON'T HAVE ANY REASON TO HOUND ME—RUN ALONG!

YOU'RE GOING BACK TO VENEZUELA, PRETTY BOY—COMPLIMENTS OF THE U.S. GOVERNMENT!

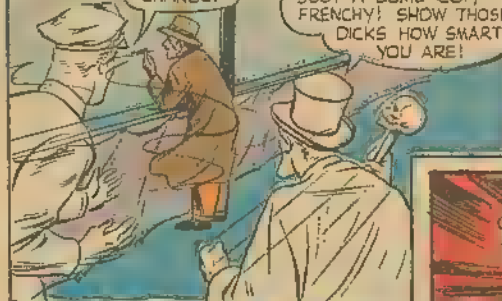


SO THEY THINK THEY CAN DEPORT ME DO THEY? HA! WITH THE CONNECTIONS I'VE MADE IN ALCATRAZ, I'LL START THE BIGGEST COUNTERFEITING RING THEY EVER DREAMED OF!

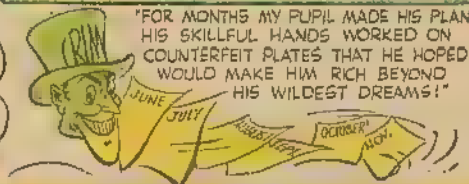


FRENCHY, YOU'VE PAID YOUR DEBT TO SOCIETY! YOU CAN'T BEAT THE LAW! GO STRAIGHT AND TRY TO FIND A LITTLE HAPPINESS FOR A CHANGE!

DON'T LISTEN TO THIS FOOL—WHY HE'S JUST A DUMB COP, FRENCHY! SHOW THOSE DICKS HOW SMART YOU ARE!



"FOR MONTHS MY PUPIL MADE HIS PLANS HIS SKILLFUL HANDS WORKED ON COUNTERFEIT PLATES THAT HE HOPED WOULD MAKE HIM RICH BEYOND HIS WILDEST DREAMS!"



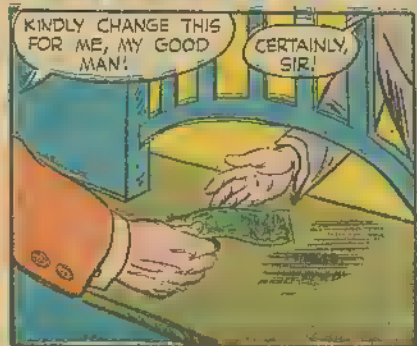
FINALLY HE WAS READY...

PERFECT! EVEN I CAN SCARCELY TELL THE DIFFERENCE, BUT OF COURSE THEY NEED A TEST!



KINDLY CHANGE THIS FOR ME, MY GOOD MAN!

CERTAINLY, SIR!

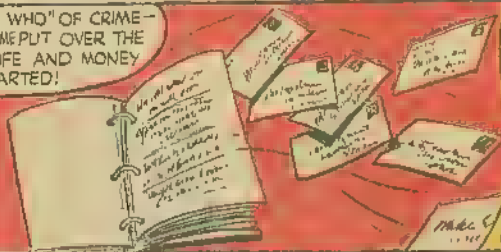


COMPLETELY FOOLED! BUT THIS TIME I WON'T TAKE CHANCES—I'LL CONTACT MY FALS AND WE'LL HAVE AN ORGANIZATION THAT CAN'T BE BEAT!



CRIME DOES NOT PAY

MY SWEET LITTLE "WHO'S WHO" OF CRIME—
A HUNDRED MEN TO HELP ME PUT OVER THE
GREATEST COUP OF MY LIFE AND MONEY
TO HELP ME GET STARTED!



Dear Mike:
This is your old friend
Frenchy. I've got a bill
printed that will make
us a fortune. However I
need money for chemicals.
Write me care of Mr. Santi
General Delivery

SO FRENCHY'S GOT SOMETHING
HOT—WELL, I AIN'T GOT THE
DOUGH TO PLAY WITH HIM!



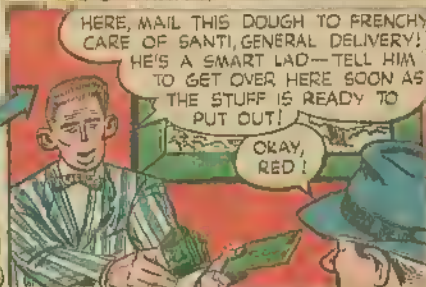
THAT GUY IS
PROBABLY WORKING
A RACKET—NUTS!



FRENCHY, HUH—
GOSH, I WISH I HAD
SOME DOUGH! I'D
GO IN WITH HIM!



"BUT THERE WAS ONE THUG WHO WOULD
PLAY BALL—A "RED" COLLINS, FORMER
PAL OF FRENCHY'S IN PRISON!"



HERE, MAIL THIS DOUGH TO FRENCHY,
CARE OF SANTI, GENERAL DELIVERY!
HE'S A SMART LAD—TELL HIM
TO GET OVER HERE SOON AS
THE STUFF IS READY TO
PUT OUT!

OKAY,
RED!

SEVERAL MONTHS LATER...

SURPRISE, RED! THE
"QUEER" DOUGH IS
READY TO BE SHOVED!

FRENCHY! FOR GOSH
SAKES, COME IN! SO
YA FINALLY DID IT,
HUH, KID? WELL,
WELL—



HOW DO YOU LIKE THEM,
COLLINS? THE BEST I
EVER MADE!

WOW—I NEVER SEEN
SUCH BILLS! WHY WE
CAN DISH THESE
OUT FOR YEARS!



TUT, TUT, MY BOY! I'M AN OLD
TIMER AT THIS BUSINESS AND
BELIEVE ME, SOONER OR LATER
THOSE FEDERAL BOYS WILL CATCH
ON TO THESE QUEERS! WE'RE
GOING TO UNLOAD A COUPLA
MILLIONS AT ONCE AND RETIRE!
WHEN THEY COME HUNTING—
WE WON'T BE HERE!

YEAH, BUT THAT
MEANS WE'LL
NEED A LOT
OF GUYS TO
SHOVE THE
STUFF!



CRIME DOES NOT PAY

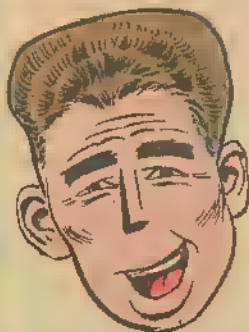
PRECISELY—AND THAT'S WHAT YOUR JOB WILL BE, RED! I'LL KEEP YOU SUPPLIED WITH BILLS FROM VENEZUELA AND YOU GET THEM DITCHED! WE'LL SPLIT FIFTY-FIFTY—A BARGAIN?

YEAH! SURE, FRENCHY! IT'S A DEAL! YOU'RE ONE SMART APPLE!

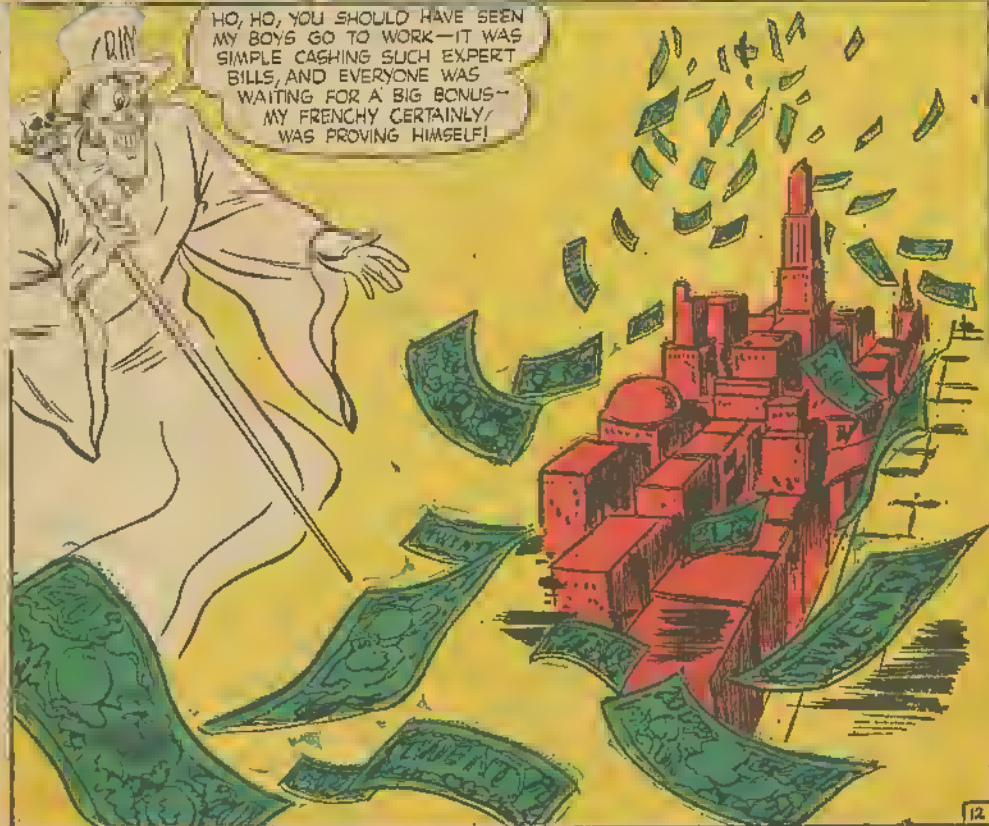
HEY, CHUCK, WILLY, CALL UP THE BOYS! ALL YOU CAN GET YOUR HANDS ON AND MAKE IT FAST!

YOU BET, RED! WHAT'S COOKIN'? SOMETHING BIG?

BIG!
NAW, IT'S TREMENDOUS, PAL!



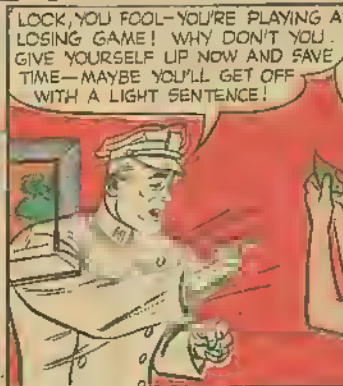
HO, HO, YOU SHOULD HAVE SEEN MY BOYS GO TO WORK—IT WAS SIMPLE CASHING SUCH EXPERT BILLS, AND EVERYONE WAS WAITING FOR A BIG BONUS—MY FRENCHY CERTAINLY WAS PROVING HIMSELF!



CRIME DOES NOT PAY

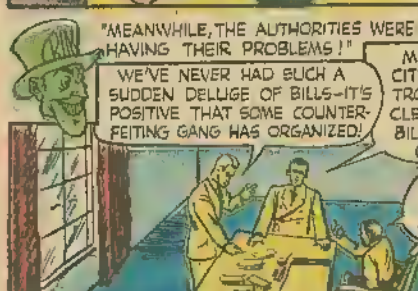


SURE, AND YOU THINK YOU'RE A REAL SMART GUY, DON'T YOU, FRENCHY? WHY YOU'VE ALREADY MADE ONE BIG MISTAKE—THAT'S GOING TO TRIP YOU UP BEFORE LONG!



LOCK, YOU FOOL—YOU'RE PLAYING A LOSING GAME! WHY DON'T YOU GIVE YOURSELF UP NOW AND SAVE TIME—MAYBE YOU'LL GET OFF WITH A LIGHT SENTENCE!

YEOW—WHAT A RACKET! ANOTHER TWO MONTHS AND I'LL RETIRE AND DITCH THE WHOLE BUSINESS—HO, HO!

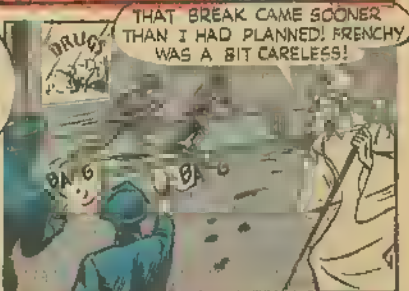


"MEANWHILE, THE AUTHORITIES WERE HAVING THEIR PROBLEMS!"

WE'VE NEVER HAD SUCH A SUDDEN DELUGE OF BILLS—IT'S POSITIVE THAT SOME COUNTERFEITING GANG HAS ORGANIZED!

SOMEHOW WE MISS THEM IN EACH CITY! OUR MEN HAVE TROUBLE BECAUSE THE CLERKS CAN'T TELL THE BILLS ARE BAD MOST OF THE TIME!

KEEP AT IT, BOYS! WE'LL GET A BREAK SOON, I HOPE!



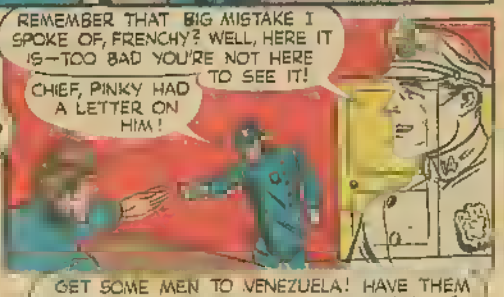
THAT BREAK CAME SOONER THAN I HAD PLANNED! FRENCHY WAS A BIT CARELESS!



WELL, IT'S PINKY WHITE—RAIDING DRUG STORES AGAIN!

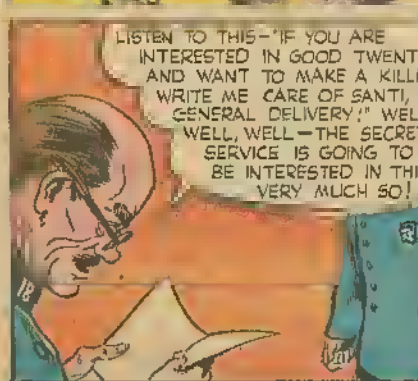
G'WAN, YOU LUCKY FLATFOOT! YOU JUST HAPPENED TO BE GOING BY!

THE CHIEF WILL BE GLAD TO SEE YOU LADS!



REMEMBER THAT BIG MISTAKE I SPOKE OF, FRENCHY? WELL, HERE IT IS—TOO BAD YOU'RE NOT HERE TO SEE IT!

CHIEF, PINKY HAD A LETTER ON HIM!



LISTEN TO THIS—"IF YOU ARE INTERESTED IN GOOD TWENTIES AND WANT TO MAKE A KILLING, WRITE ME CARE OF SANTI, GENERAL DELIVERY!" WELL, WELL, WELL—THE SECRET SERVICE IS GOING TO BE INTERESTED IN THIS—VERY MUCH SO!



GET SOME MEN TO VENEZUELA! HAVE THEM WATCH THAT POST OFFICE FOR A "SANTI!"

RIGHT! AT GENERAL DELIVERY—THIS MAY BE OUR BREAK!

CRIME DOES NOT PAY

286

AH, WHAT A BEAUTIFUL MORNING! TODAY MY LAST BATCH OF TWENTIES GOES TO RED AND I RETIRE! AH ME, WHAT BRILLIANCE I HAVE! NOW I SHALL SEE IF THERE IS ANY MAIL FOR MR. SANTI FROM MY PAL, RED!



DO YOU HAVE ANY MAIL FOR ME? MY NAME IS SANTI!



AH, JUST ONE MOMENT, SENOR! I'LL SEE—

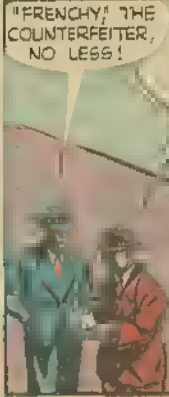
NO MAIL, SENOR! THANK YOU!



I THINK I SHALL TAKE A NICE TRIP FOR MYSELF NOW—PERHAPS CANADA!



"FRENCHY! THE COUNTERFEITER, NO LESS!



THIS IS THE MISSING LINK, ALRIGHT! TONIGHT WE'LL BREAK IN AND SEE WHAT HIS CUTE LITTLE APPARTMENT HOLDS!

"THAT WAS ONE NIGHT FRENCHY SHOULDN'T HAVE GONE OUT SPORTING!"

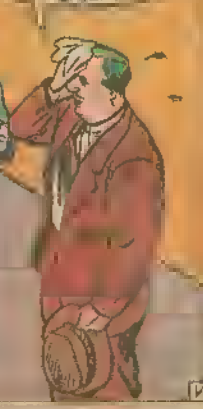
THIS IS IT, ALRIGHT—A SWEET LITTLE COUNTERFEITING PLANT IN A SOUNDPROOF ROOM! NOW WE MUST FIND THE PLATES!



IT'S NO USE! THE RAT HASN'T GOT THE PLATES HERE! HE MUST HAVE BEEN PLANNING TO QUIT AND RUN OFF!



WITHOUT THEM HE CAN ONLY BE CONVICTED OF INTENTION TO COUNTERFEIT WHICH WOULDN'T GIVE HIM MUCH OF A SENTENCE! WE'D BETTER REPORT TO THE CHIEF!



CRIME DOES NOT PAY

SO THAT'S THE STORY, SIR! IF WE ARREST HIM NOW HE CAN HOLD OUT ON THE PLATES, AND GET A LIGHT SENTENCE!

GOOD THINKING, GENTLEMEN, BUT I'VE A SURPRISE FOR YOU! BRING HIM IN, MURRAY!

RIGHT!

MEET RED COLLINS—FRENCHY'S GO-BETWEEN FROM MEXICO CITY! WE CAUGHT SOME OF HIS STOOGES PASSING THE BILLS!

THAT CERTAINLY CHANGES THINGS, SIR! WE'LL BRING FRENCHY RIGHT IN!

I DON'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT PLATES! YOU'RE CRAZY! I DON'T CARE WHAT COLLINS SAYS!

FRENCHY, YOU'RE IN THIS UP TO YOUR EARS—WITH THE EVIDENCE COLLINS GAVE US WE CAN SHIP YOU BACK TO THE STATES WHERE YOUR RECORD WILL SEND YOU UP FOR A LONG STRETCH!

IF YOU GET US THOSE PLATES, WE CAN SENTENCE YOU HERE!

ALL RIGHT—YOU WIN! I'LL SHOW YOU—I HID THEM IN A PARK!

TOO BAD YOU WON'T BE ABLE TO USE THEM AGAIN, FRENCHY!

GOT THEM—NEATLY WRAPPED IN OIL-CLOTH!

I HE BY SENTENCE YOU TO SIXTEEN YEARS IN PRISON!

PFAAA, FRENCHY! I'M THROUGH WITH YOU!

THAT'S THE LONGEST SENTENCE EVER GIVEN IN THIS DISTRICT FOR YOUR CRIME, LUIS—AND YOU WELL DESERVE IT!

WELL, JOHN, MY BOY, HOW WAS YOUR VISIT TO EARTH? DID YOU MAKE THEM UNDERSTAND?

NO, YOUR HONOR—I'M AFRAID I DIDN'T DO SO WELL THIS TIME, BUT OF COURSE I'M RATHER NEW AT IT YET! I WANT TO KEEP TRYING TO MAKE PEOPLE APPRECIATE THE VALUE OF COMMON SENSE!

CRIME DOES NOT PAY!

CH

THE SAGA OF "HUNGRY JOE"

By DICK WOOD

JOE MORRISON, better known as 'Hungry Joe', carefully knotted his smart silk tie and dusted some imaginary lint from his lapel. A slight smile of conceit crossed his features as he eyed his immaculate figure in the mirror. There was no doubt about it—he certainly had class with a capital "C". But then he had to in his business. Separating shrewd businessmen from their rolls of money via the poker table required the tops in charm, poise and appearance. Yes, Joe was quite pleased with himself as he sauntered out of his room at the Hotel Metropole in New York City and made his way to the lobby. He had come a long way in the rackets and just around the corner a bulging bank account assured him of comfort for some time to come no matter what happened. At least that was what 'Hungry Joe' thought this particular morning.

Downstairs at the desk Mr. Charles C. Atkin was speaking with the clerk. "I'm sorry sir," the clerk informed him, "there isn't a ticket left to the boxing matches tonight. They're completely sold out."

As Mr. Atkin nodded a thank you and started to turn away, the slim figure of Joe Morrison suddenly appeared from behind a post.

"Pardon me, Mr. Atkin, but I overheard you speaking to the clerk. It so happens I have two tickets to the fights this evening. My friend is unable to make it and you're welcome to the other ticket if you like."

"Why that's darn decent of you," Atkin replied. "But are you sure your friend won't appear?"

Morrison smiled. "Quite, he phoned me just an hour ago. Incidentally my name is Joe Morrison. Suppose I meet you in the lobby here at eight this evening."

So it was that 'Hungry Joe' with the grace of an artist formed the friendship of Charles Atkin, wealthy western ranch owner. The second step in Joe's plan moved along with oiled perfection. After all it was not unnatural that two men spending time in the city amuse themselves with a bit of poker. And it

just so happened that Joe knew several good friends who also liked to play cards.

"We don't usually play for high stakes," Joe said smiling. "But of course I'm not against a little stiff competition now and then. Sort of adds spice to the game, don't you think?"

Mr. Atkin quite agreed with this point of view and so it was that for several nights 'Hungry Joe' and the rancher smoked big black cigars and played poker far into the morning. At first it was rather a sociable game. No one won a great deal of money and hearty belly laughs made for a friendly atmosphere for one and all. But gradually the faces of the men grew serious and frowns crossed their features as the stakes grew higher and higher. The laughs became few and far between and Mr. Charles Atkin began to realize he was losing some rather important money. Morrison was really putting the pressure on now. His smiles broadened and he gayly assured Atkin that his luck would have to change.

"After all," he said, "no one can lose consistently all the time and you'll probably end up the big winner."

Atkin did not quite agree with this point of view, but nevertheless he kept playing and getting in deeper and deeper. He had been skinned out of almost every dollar he had with him when something happened that was to make a great change in 'Hungry Joe's' life.

Late one evening as he was starting out to attempt to recoup his losses the desk clerk called him aside.

"It's none of my business and I don't wish to br forward," the clerk said, "but I think you should know that your new-found friend is a notorious card-shark known as 'Hungry Joe'."

For a moment a slight tinge of anger crossed Atkin's face. Then slowly he began to smile and his hand slipped a five-dollar bill into the clerk's pocket.

"Thank you a great deal," he said. "Please don't let on to anyone that I am aware of this situation. Perhaps I might have a little fun

with my friend 'Hungry Joe'."

That evening Atkin went to his poker game as usual. And as usual he lost heavily. At the end of the game when his losses had been figured up, he turned to Morrison.

"Well, Joe," he said lightly. "You've taken all my ready cash. I guess we'll have to put it on the books. That is if you don't mind trusting me."

"Why not at all, Atkin, we'll just keep a record of it. Heh, heh, after all you can pay when you like and who knows you may still come out the winner."

'Hungry Joe' was not being big-hearted with Atkin. He had long before checked on the wealthy ranch owner and found his credit to be perfect. Mr. Charles Atkin had a golden reputation and was not the type of man to welch on any deal. In fact Joe preferred to have Atkin's debts kept on the books. When the actual cash was not going over the line Morrison found it much easier to bet more and more. Why he could run the rancher up into some real big money with the tricks he and his pals used.

For another whole week the framed poker games continued. Atkin played desperately allowing himself to watch the moves of the other players carefully. It was a neat racket the crooks had. They would allow Atkin to win just enough to keep him playing. But every time a large pot of cash was on the table one of the others took it in. He couldn't discover just how they worked, the trickery but then he was no sleuth or card-shark. He also noticed that Morrison won more than the others. He was the big winner but Atkin with a contented smile waited for the time when 'Hungry Joe' would find himself behind the eight ball a big loser.

Finally one evening at the game's end Atkin laid down his cards.

"Well," he said to Morrison, "I guess this will be my last game. Tomorrow I have to leave on business. You chaps are really good poker players but I didn't think I'd ever lose as much as I did."

"That's the way it goes, Atkin. Heh, Heh, sometimes you make it and sometimes you don't. We'll go back to the hotel and settle up in my room."

At the hotel Atkin frowned deeply. "You know Morrison," he said, "I don't have much available cash about, but it would be nice if

we could work out something concerning my debt."

This was the opportunity 'Hungry Joe' had been waiting for. He bent over and slapped a hand on Atkin's knee.

"Tell you what, Atkin, I've always wanted to go out west and get myself a ranch. Suppose I give you fourteen thousand dollars and you sign your ranch over to me. Together with your poker losses fourteen grand is a pretty good price for that ranch."

It wasn't a good price for the Atkin ranch and Atkin well knew it. However, he thought for a moment and finally shrugged his shoulders.

"You're a hard businessman Morrison, but I'll accept that deal. Go get your money before I change my mind."

'Hungry Joe' lost no time in getting to his bank. What a sweet deal he had put over. Why Atkin's ranch was worth a great deal more than he was paying. Now he could take a vacation and turn the ranch into a paying proposition. Yes sir, things were going sweet and smooth for 'Hungry Joe' and all on account of a little pack of cards.

Several weeks later 'Hungry Joe' Morrison was all prepared to go west and settle down on his ranch when he heard that Atkin was in town again. He lost no time rushing to his hotel preparing to ask him a few more questions about the property. When he reached Charles C. Atkin's room a total stranger faced him.

"Why you're not Atkin," Morrison exclaimed. "I'm a very good friend of his. He left the Metropole Hotel a few weeks ago. I bought his ranch!"

Mr. Atkin gazed at Morrison with a puzzled look for a moment. Then a ray of understanding lit up his features.

"Why of course," he said, "One of my cowhands was using my room there a few weeks ago. I remember now. He did tell me about putting something over on a card-shark that tried to cheat him."

'Hungry Joe' didn't say a word. He just rocked back on his heels and gazed dazedly at the man before him.

Who would believe a cowhand from the country would put one over on a slim impenetrable city slicker.

As for the cowhand, Harry Berns, he's still laughing like anything!

CRIME DOES NOT PAY

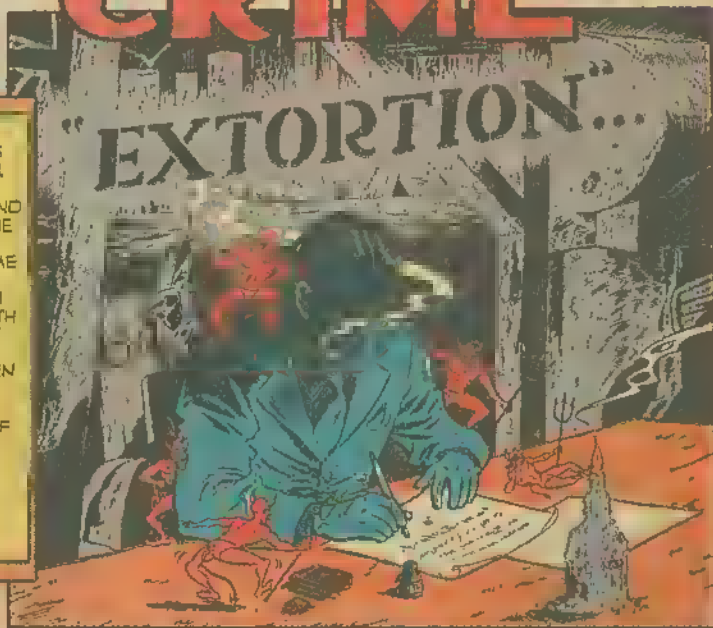
The MEANEST CRIME

DRAWN BY
NORMAN MAURER

The MEANEST CRIME IS INDEED EXTORTION FOR IT IS A RACKET THAT PREYS ON THE MIND AND OFTEN LEAVES NO CLUE FOR THE POLICE TO WORK ON. IT IS A CRIME THAT ALL CRIMINALS SMART OR DUMB, RICH OR POOR CAN VIE WITH EACH OTHER EQUALLY IN—ONE NEEDS NO SPECIAL ABILITY TO PEN A NOTE OF HATE...

THIS IS THE STORY OF A MAN WHO TRIED SUCH A LOW RACKET, BUT FOR A PURPOSE YOU WOULD NEVER DREAM OF...

"EXTORTION..."



SEND MR. MEYER IN, PLEASE!

YES, SIR!



WELL, GOOD DAY, MR. MEYER! HAS ANYTHING NEW COME UP SINCE LAST NIGHT?

NO, SIR, BUT I DON'T HAVE TO TELL YOU I DON'T GET MUCH SLEEP... EVEN WITH A GUARD OUTSIDE OF THE HOUSE! I'M HARDLY AT EASE!



CRIME DOES NOT PAY

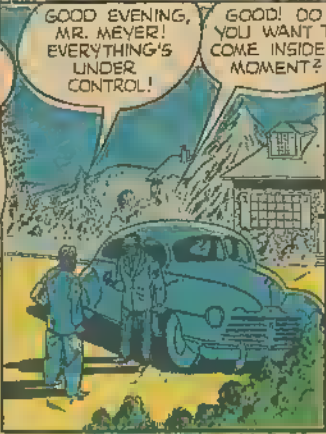
MR. MEYER, WE HAVE BEEN WORKING OVER THIS SITUATION CAREFULLY AND HAVE FINALLY DECIDED ON A PLAN! THE EXTORTION NOTE YOU RECEIVED DEMANDED FORTY THOUSAND DOLLARS TO BE THROWN OUT OF YOUR CAR AT A CERTAIN POINT! WE WANT YOU TO MAKE A BUNDLE OF NEWSPAPERS UP RESEMBLING MONEY AND DO JUST THAT! OUR MEN WILL BE ALL AROUND THE LOCATION!

A...ALRIGHT, IT...IT ISN'T THAT I'M AFRAID...BUT IF THEY EVER HURT MY CHILDREN...

GOOD EVENING, MR. MEYER! EVERYTHING'S UNDER CONTROL!

GOOD! DO YOU WANT TO COME INSIDE A MOMENT?

HELLO, DEAR! I... OH, THERE'S THE PHONE!



HELLO...

MEYER, WE KNOW YOU WENT TO THE FBI TODAY! WE'RE JUST WARNING YA! DON'T DOUBLE-CROSS US OR YOUR KIDS GET IT!



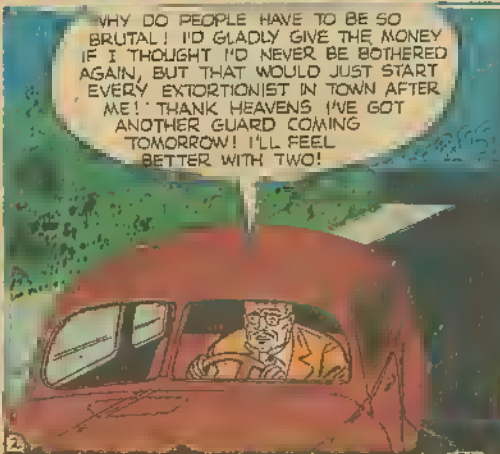
IT...IT WAS THEM! THEY KNOW I'VE SEEN THE FBI—AND I WAS SO CAREFUL! I...I...DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO NOW! THE FBI WANTED ME TO THROW A FAKE BUNDLE OUT! THEY SAID THEY WOULD HAVE THE SPOT COVERED!

YOU'D BETTER DO AS THEY SAY, DEAR! THEY KNOW BEST!



SURE, MR. MEYER! THEY KNOW HOW TO HANDLE THOSE KIND OF GUYS!

YES, I GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT! HAVE RALPH GET THE CAR OUT, PLEASE!



WHY DO PEOPLE HAVE TO BE SO BRUTAL! I'D GLADLY GIVE THE MONEY IF I THOUGHT I'D NEVER BE BOTHERED AGAIN, BUT THAT WOULD JUST START EVERY EXTORTIONIST IN TOWN AFTER ME! THANK HEAVENS I'VE GOT ANOTHER GUARD COMING TOMORROW! I'LL FEEL BETTER WITH TWO!

CRIME DOES NOT PAY

THIS
IS THE
SPOT!

WE'VE BEEN WAITING
THREE HOURS NOW.

MIGHT AS WELL
CALL IT A NIGHT!
THEY WOULDN'T LEAVE
THE MONEY ON THE
ROAD THIS LONG
IF THEY WERE
COMING!

I FEEL MIGHTY
SORRY FOR MEYER!
THE SAME GROUP
HOUNDED HIM LAST
YEAR LIKE THIS—THEN
SUDDENLY STOPPED
FOR THE
SUMMER!

AND NOW
THEY'VE STARTED
AGAIN!

WE'LL CATCH UP WITH
THEM SOME DAY—BUT IT'S
A STRANGE THING! THEY
SEEM TO BE ONE STEP
AHEAD OF US ALL
THE TIME!

NEXT MORNING...

HELLO,
MR. MEYER!

OH, JOHN
MORMAN!
COME IN!
COME IN!

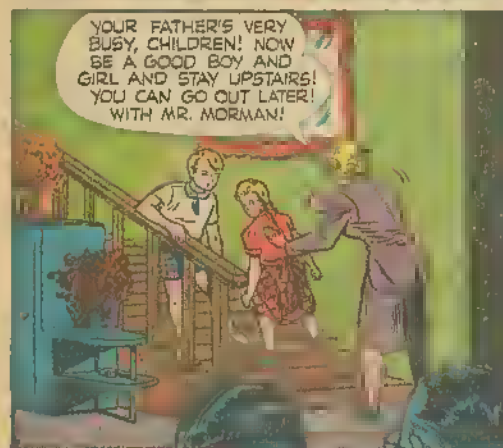
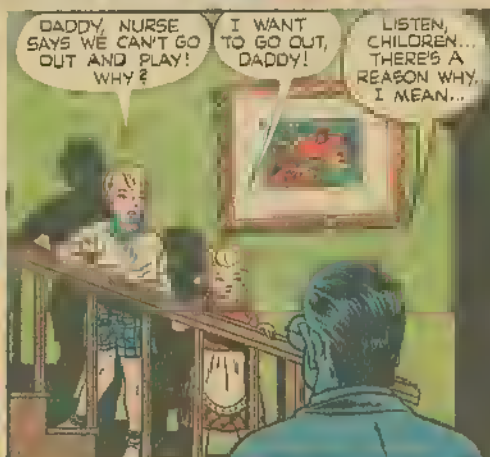
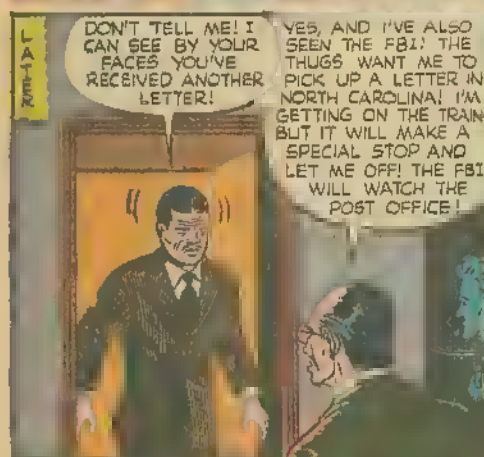
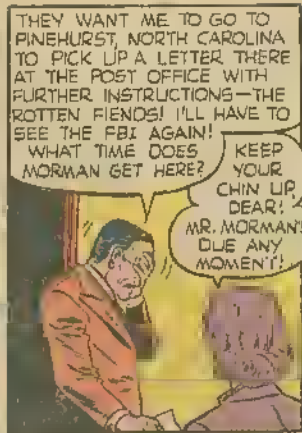
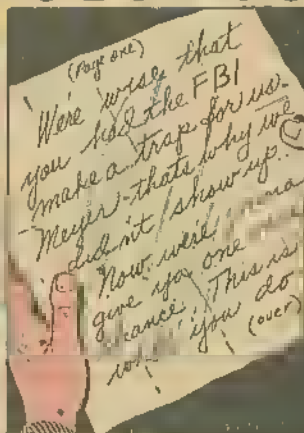
WELL, AS YOU GUESSED,
THE THREATENING NOTES
HAVE STARTED AGAIN—
JUST LIKE LAST
YEAR! YOUR
SERVICES WILL
BE GREATLY
NEEDED!

SORRY
TO HEAR
THAT,
SIR!

LAST NIGHT THE FBI SET
A TRAP FOR THEM AT
THE SPOT I WAS
SUPPOSED TO
DROP THE
MONEY AT,
BUT IT FELL
THROUGH!

YOU CAN
BE SURE
THAT I'LL KEEP
EXCELLENT
WATCH OVER
THE
CHILDREN!

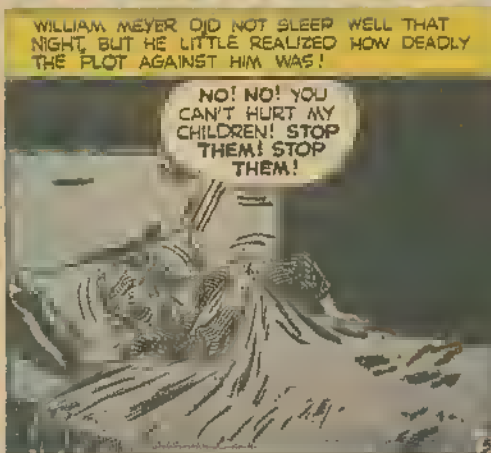
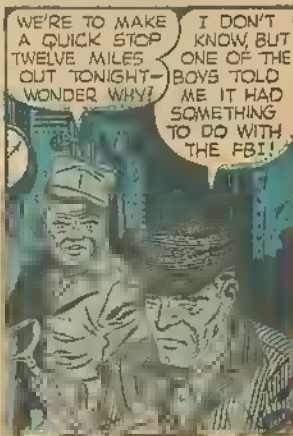
CRIME DOES NOT PAY



CRIME DOES NOT PAY



MEYER WENT STRAIGHT TO THE TRAIN THAT NIGHT—IF THE EXTORTIONISTS HAD BEEN WATCHING, THEY WOULD KNOW HE OBEYED INSTRUCTIONS TO THE LETTER.



CRIME DOES NOT PAY

SEVERAL DAYS LATER ANOTHER LETTER CAME—A LETTER THAT WAS TO DISCOURAGE EVEN THE AUTHORITIES.

THEY KNOW! THEY KNEW THAT I DIDN'T GO ALL THE WAY TO NORTH CAROLINA—WHAT IN HEAVENS AM I TO DO?

PLEASE, MR. MEYER, REMAIN CALM!

FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION

MR. MEYER, I HAVEN'T TOLD YOU THIS BEFORE BUT YOU'RE NOT THE ONLY ONE BEING HOUNDED BY THESE FIEND JOSEPH PEW, PHILADELPHIA'S GREAT BENEFACTOR, AND GERALD NUGENT HAVE BOTH RECEIVED LIKE LETTERS!

I KNOW HOW DISTRAUGHT YOU ARE, BUT BELIEVE ME WHEN I SAY WE ARE LEAVING NO STONE UNTURNED IN THESE CASES! WE WILL FIND OUT WHO IS BEHIND THIS, MR. MEYER!

I KNOW... I KNOW...

WE'VE GOT TO LICK THIS CASE! WE'VE GOT TO—NO MAN SHOULD SUFFER LIKE THAT... COLLINS!

COLLINS, I WANT EVERY EXTORTION NOTE THAT HAS BEEN WRITTEN TO MEYER, PEW AND NUGENT! I'M GOING OVER THEM WORD FOR WORD!

THE FBI IS A MOST DANGEROUS ORGANIZATION FOR CRIMINALS TO COPE WITH! EACH LETTER WAS GONE OVER A HUNDRED TIMES, ODDITIES IN SPELLING WERE NOTED—THE CURVE OF EACH LETTER WAS CONSIDERED!

THERE IS NO DOUBT ABOUT IT—THESE LETTERS EACH CAME FROM THE SAME MAN—AND THIS MUST BE AN INSIDE JOB! THE INFORMATION OUR ENEMY HAS SHOWN PROVES THAT!

WE HAVE ALREADY INVESTIGATED EACH INDIVIDUAL CONNECTED WITH THESE THREE MEN—GO OVER THEM AGAIN! PAY SPECIAL ATTENTION TO HOUSE SERVANTS GONE DURING THE SUMMER MONTHS! EVEN THE DETECTIVES—GET THEIR HANDWRITING!

CRIME DOES NOT PAY

THUS DID THE POWERFUL MACHINERY OF THE FEDERAL BUREAU SWING INTO ACTION. NO DETAIL WAS IGNORED AND SOON THE SURPRISE CAME.

CHIEF, I'VE FOUND SOMETHING! IT'S FANTASTIC—BUT IT MAKES SENSE IN STATISTICS!

THAT'S WHAT WE WANT! WHAT IS IT?

LOOK AT THESE HANDWRITINGS! THEY COMPARE PERFECTLY! EACH WAS MISPELLINGS OF THE SAME WORDS—AND THE MAN WHO WROTE THIS LETTER IS AWAY EACH SUMMER! HE TEACHES SWIMMING...

GREAT GHOSTS—NO WONDER WE WERE PUZZLED!

LATER

HELLO, MEYER, I HAVE SOME GOOD NEWS FOR YOU, BUT FIRST I WANT TO SPEAK TO YOUR GUARD, MORMAN! I THINK IT'S ADVISABLE THAT HE KNOWS OF IT—WILL YOU SEND HIM TO MY OFFICE!

YOU WANTED TO SEE ME, SIR!

YES, MORMAN, I DID...QUITE DEFINITELY!

AS A MATTER OF FACT I'M EXTREMELY CURIOUS TO KNOW JUST WHAT A RAT LIKE YOU MIGHT HAVE TO SAY FOR YOURSELF!

SAY, WHAT'S THE IDEA!

MORMAN, LAST NIGHT WE TOLD MEYER A FAKE STORY OF WHAT HAPPENED WHEN WE SUPPOSEDLY TRIED TO TRAP THE WRITER OF THESE EXTORTION NOTES! TODAY, HE TOLD US A TELEPHONE CALL WARNED HIM THE EXTORTIONISTS KNEW! IT DIDN'T HAPPEN, MORMAN—AND YOU AND MEYER WERE THE ONLY ONES THAT THOUGHT IT DID!

YOU'RE MAD!

REALLY—AND BESIDES THAT YOUR HANDWRITING COMPARES PERFECTLY WITH THAT OF THE NOTES—AND WHEN THEY STOP IN THE SUMMER YOU ARE AWAY TEACHING SWIMMING—ARE YOU NOT!

ALL RIGHT! ALL RIGHT! I...I DID DO IT!

I WANTED TO KEEP MY JOB AS GUARD TO MEYER AND OTHERS! THAT'S WHY I WROTE THE NOTES! THEY WOULDN'T FIRE ME WHEN THEY WERE BEING THREATENED! I...I GUESS I'M JUST NO GOOD!

MORMAN, YOU CAN SAY THAT AGAIN—YOU'VE COMMITTED THE MEANEST CRIME!

CRIME DOES NOT PAY

The MONSTER of CRIME

WHO WAS THE MONSTROUS KILLER WHO MURDERED SEVEN INNOCENT PEOPLE?...A FIEND OF A SLAYER THAT LONDON HAD NIGHTMARES ABOUT?...WHAT WAS HIS BRUTAL PURPOSE IN KILLING THEM? READ AND LEARN OF THE MAD CAREER OF THE MONSTER OF LONDON!

A TRUE STORY!



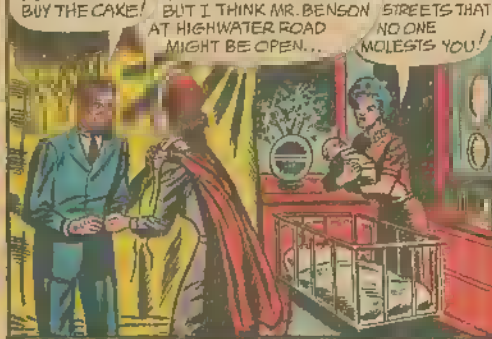
LONG AGO, ON THE NIGHT OF DECEMBER 7 1891, IN LONDON...

THERE, MARY, I THINK THIS'LL BE ENOUGH TO BUY THE CAKE!

THANK YOU, MR. MARR! BE CAREFUL! IT'S PRETTY LATE AT NIGHT AS YOU GO TO FIND A BAKER'S OPEN THROUGH THE BUT I THINK MR. BENSON'S STREETS THAT AT HIGHWATER ROAD NO ONE MIGHT BE OPEN... MOLESTS YOU!

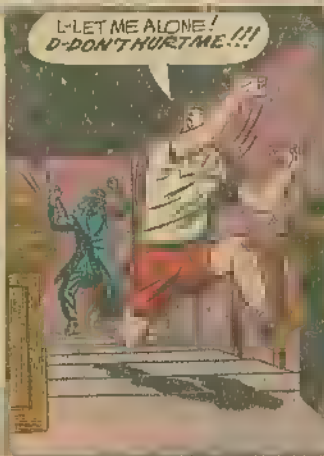
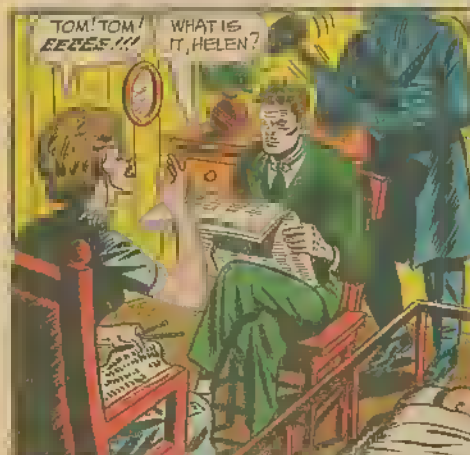
DON'T WORRY, MRS. MARR! I'LL BE BACK SOON! JUST PUT ON THE TEA!

HOSIER - MARR, PROP.

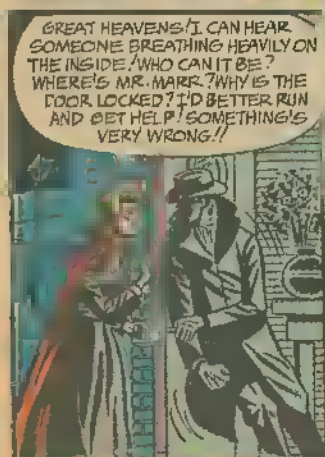
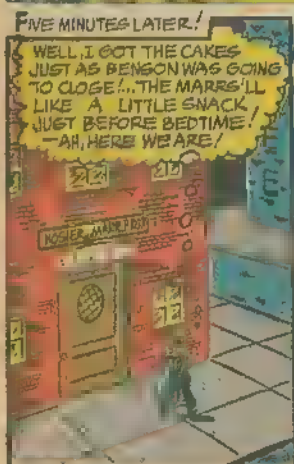


CRIME DOES NOT PAY

FROM THE SHADOWS!



CRIME DOES NOT PAY



CRIME DOES NOT PAY

SEVERAL DAYS LATER!

THE CROWN IS OFFERING 500 POUNDS FOR THE CAPTURE OF THE MARR'S MURDERER! —THAT'S LITTLE ENOUGH TO CATCH SUCH A FIEND!

INDEED IT IS! THE KILLER IS NOT HUMAN! HE HAS NO HEART AT ALL IF HE COULD BRAIN A SLEEPING CHILD IN ITS CRADLE!



AND IT HAPPENED ONLY TWO MINUTES FROM HERE TOO! —WHY THAT IS LIKE HAVING THE MURDERS RIGHT IN OUR OWN HOUSE!

DON'T TALK THAT WAY, DEAR! IT SENDS SHIVERS DOWN MY SPINE!



YEAH, WE'LL ALL BE KILLED!

WHAT IS IT, BESSIE?!



AIEE!! THE MARR MURDERER!

WHAT CAN WE DO? WE'RE DOOMED!



HE HAS THE STRENGTH OF TEN MEN! I CAN'T HOLD HIM!

M-MARTIN, YEAH, SAVE ME, MARTIN, SAVE ME!!



MURDERER! KILL US, W-WILL Y-YOU?... I...

HEH, HEH!



CRASH!!

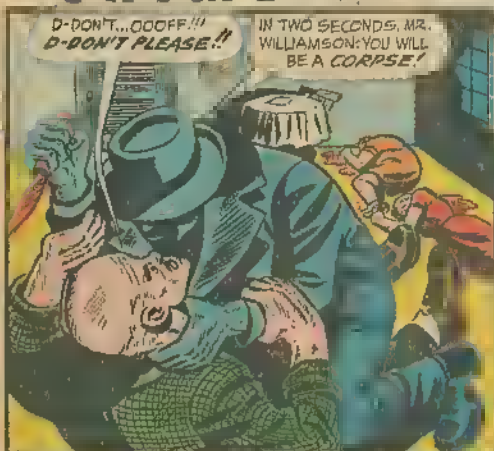
DID YOU THINK TO MATCH MY STRENGTH?



CRIME DOES NOT PAY

D-DON'T...OOOFF!!!
D-DON'T PLEASE!!

IN TWO SECONDS, MR.
WILLIAMSON: YOU WILL
BE A CORPSE!



HEH!!
HEH!!



MEANWHILE UPSTAIRS!

YAAAGH!!

WHAT WAS THAT?
-MAYBE IT'S THE
MARRS MURDERER!



GREAT SCOTT! THE MARRS'
MURDERER! WAS HE UPSTAIRS
YET? DID HE GET TO ALICE, MRS.
WILLIAMSON'S NIECE? WE BOTH
MUST GET OUT OF THE HOUSE
BEFORE...



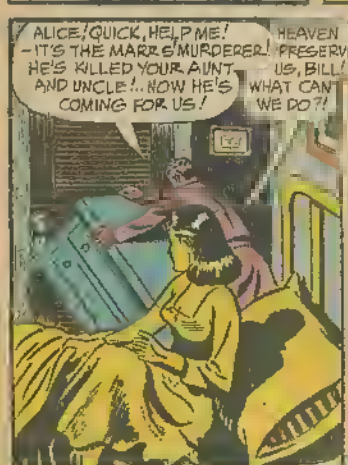
SOMEONE
E.EH?

LORD, HE'S
SEEN ME!



ALICE! QUICK, HELP ME!
-IT'S THE MARRS MURDERER!
HE'S KILLED YOUR AUNT
AND UNCLE... NOW HE'S
COMING FOR US!

HEAVEN
PRESERVE
US, BILL!
WHAT CAN
WE DO?!



SECONDS LATER!

THAT'S RIGHT, ALICE!
(PUFF)...TIE THE SHEETS
TOGETHER AND LOWER
THEM...I'M HOLDING
THE FIEND OFF!

YOU'LL HAVE TO
CARRY ME
DOWN, BILL!
I CAN'T DO
IT MYSELF!

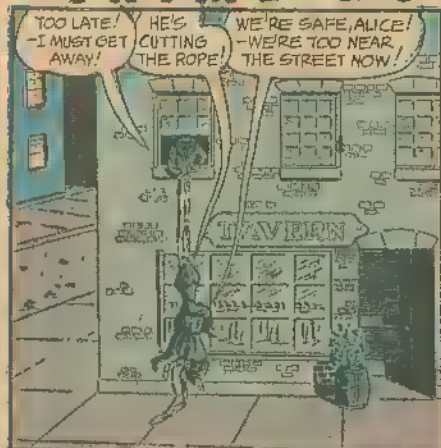


I'M
READY
BILL!

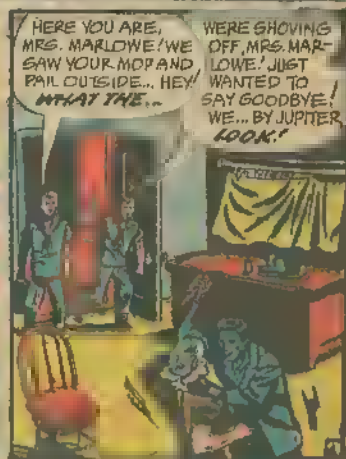
AS SOON AS I'M OUTSIDE
THE WINDOW, SIT DOWN
AROUND MY SHOULDERS
AND HOLD TIGHT!



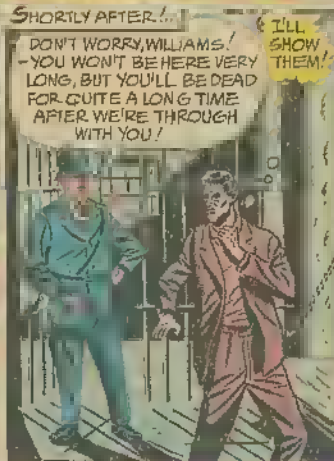
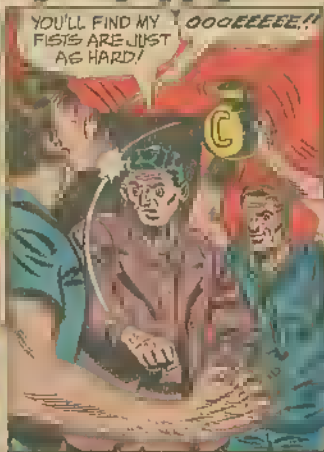
CRIME DOES NOT PAY



"BY THE TIME BILL AND ALICE COULD AROUSE A CROWD, THE FIEND HAD AGAIN ESCAPED! -BUT AGAIN HE HAD CARELESSLY LEFT HIS MURDER WEAPON BEHIND BEARING THE INITIALS 'J.P.'"



CRIME DOES NOT PAY



WILLIAMS WAS GIVEN NO ORDINARY BURIAL! THE ANGRY PEOPLE INSISTED THAT HE BE BURIED ON THE STREETS. HE TERRORIZED AND THAT A STAKE BE DRIVEN THROUGH HIS INHUMAN HEART! **THIS WAS DONE!!**



SO JOHN WILLIAMS DIED A VAMPIRE'S DEATH BECAUSE OF HIS LUST FOR KILLING AND PETTY ROBBERY! TODAY, 134 YEARS LATER, LITTLE DO THE MODERN DWELLERS OF LONDON REALIZE THAT BENEATH THE COBBLESTONES LIE THE REMAINS OF JOHN WILLIAMS, THE MONSTER OF LONDON WITH A STAKE DRIVEN THROUGH HIS DUSTY HEART!



CRIME DOES NOT PAY

"The Slippery MR. SMITH"

A
TRUE
STORY

HOLD IT! HOLD IT!
LET ME THROUGH--I'VE
GOT TO MAKE WAY
FOR **BETTE DAVIS!**

WHO IS
IT?

**BETTE
DAVIS?**

WHERE
IS SHE?

I AM
J. WELLINGTON SMITH
WARNER BROTHERS... JUST GOT
IN FROM THE COAST... AS ADVANCE
PUBLICITY MAN I WANT A SUITE
FOR **BETTE DAVIS**, **JOHN GARFIELD**--
AND OTHER STARS WHO WILL BE
ALONG SHORTLY--YOU HAVE
SOME OF COURSE!

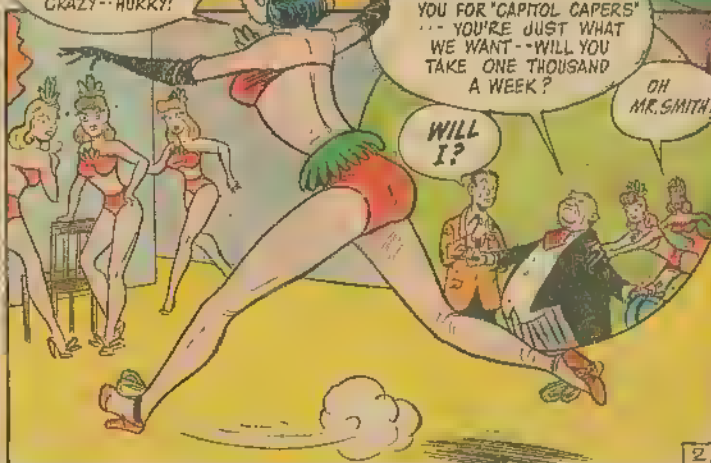
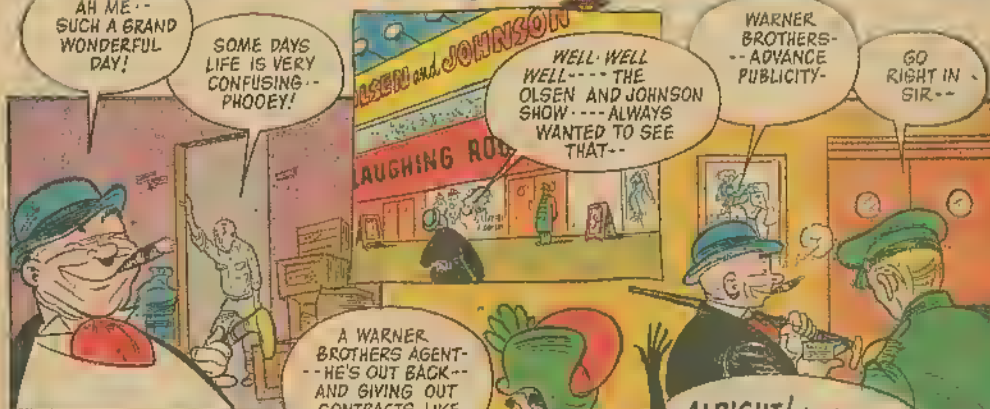
WELL
I---THAT
IS---

WHY OF COURSE
WE DO MR. SMITH
...HEH... HEH... FORTU-
NATELY WE HAVE JUST
HAD ONE VACATED!

YES OF
COURSE, MY GOOD
MAN--- I SEE YOU
REALIZE WHAT PUBLICITY
OUR BEING HERE
WILL MEAN FOR
YOUR HOTEL!



CRIME DOES NOT PAY

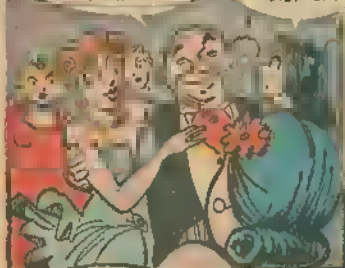


CRIME DOES NOT PAY

NOW-NOW-GIRLS---
WE CAN ONLY HAVE SO
MANY PEOPLE IN OUR
COMING FILM, 'CAPITOL
CAPERS'--- HEH-HEH---
I CAN GIVE MOST OF YOU
BIT PARTS ---- SAY
AT FORTY DOLLARS
A DAY--

I'LL TAKE
IT!

WHEN
DO WE
SIGN UP?



OF COURSE I'VE GOT
TO GET MY OKAY FROM
WARNER BROTHERS FIRST--
-- I TELL YOU WHAT----
COME OVER TO MY HOTEL
AND WE'LL GO INTO IT
MORE---- I'LL ALSO
INTRODUCE YOU TO
BETTE DAVIS--



LATER

--OH DEAR
--OH DEAR--
I DO HOPE
SHE'S COME!

COME
IN--



OH EXCUSE ME
MR. SMITH-- BUT
HAS BETTE DAVIS
COME YET?

ANY HOUR
NOW--- HER
PLANES BEEN
HELD UP-- BAD
WEATHER. OH
COLLINS- SEND UP
MORE CHAMPAGNE
AND I WANT TWO
MORE ROOMS--

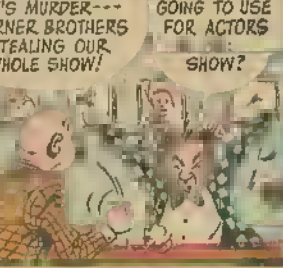


-- I'LL NEED A
LITTLE SPENDING--
-- YOU DON'T MIND
CASHING THIS SMALL
CHECK FOR FIVE
HUNDRED DOLLARS
DO YOU?

OF COURSE
NOT-- CERTAINLY
NOT SIR!

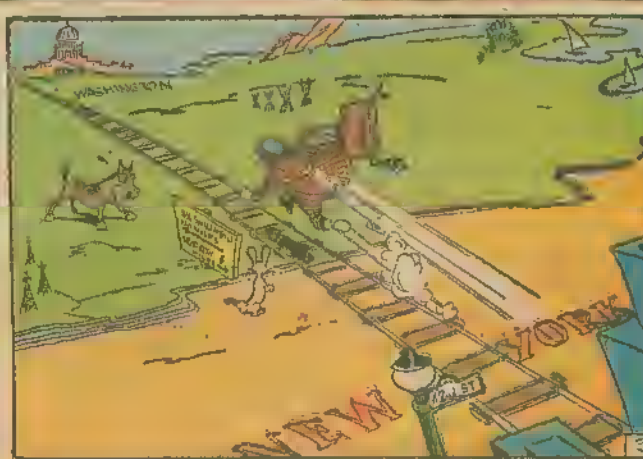


MEANWHILE-----
IN NEW YORK THE
OLSEN AND JOHNSON
AGENTS WERE HAVING
THEIR TROUBLES--



**CAPITOL
CAPERS**
THEY'RE MAKING
--AND WE DO THE
CAPERING---
WHAT ARE WE
GOING TO USE
FOR ACTORS
SHOW?

SAM! GET DOWN
THERE--- STOP THIS
DESECRATION!-- SHOOT
THAT PUBLICITY GUY--
-- DO ANYTHING!



A cartoon illustration of a red car with a large speech bubble saying "THE RAILROAD STATION!" and another saying "HUH.. Y. YES SIR". A sign in the background says "DON'T TELL ANYBODY".

IN CHICAGO--- MONTHS LATER--POLICE PICKED UP THE GENEROUS MR. SMITH AND PROMPTLY PLOPPED HIM IN JAIL!

TOO BAD--
I WAS HAVING
SUCH A PLEASANT
TIME---

As for the others—

**A FAKE!
RUBBER CHECKS.
OW-W-W!**

OF COURSE SOME FOLKS ARE
STILL WAITING FOR 'CAPTOL CAPERS'
TO APPEAR--

THE END

CRIME DOES NOT PAY

THIS IS A TRUE STORY THAT PROVES CRIME DOES NOT PAY!

The Smile of Death

Drawn by JACK ALDERMAN

THE SMILE OF DEATH.... IT CAME FROM THE BLACKNESS OF A WOMAN'S HEART AND KILLED ALL WHO SOUGHT TO UNDERSTAND IT. PRESENTING THE BLOODSTAINED CAREER OF EMMA SARANA, WENTZVILLE, MISSOURI 1940....

WELL THIS IS IT DARLING.... OUR HOME... DO YOU LIKE IT?

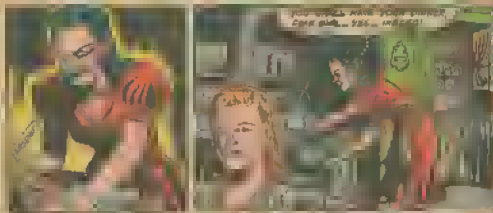
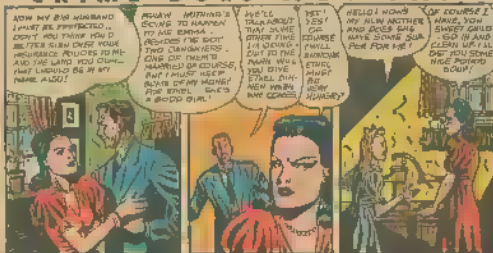
OF COURSE, ANTHONY... IT'S LOVELY... BUT MARRIED COUPLES HAVE MANY RESPONSIBILITIES, YOU KNOW I THINK WE SHOULD HAVE A LONG TALK RIGHT AWAY...

HAVE YOU HEARD THE NEWS? ANTHONY HEPPERMAN IS GOING TO GET MARRIED! HE'S FOUND HIMSELF A FINE WOMAN THEY SAY... SOMEONE FROM OUT OF TOWN I BELIEVE!

GOOD! HE'S A HARD WORKING FARMER AND HE'LL MAKE SOMEBODY A GOOD HUSBAND!



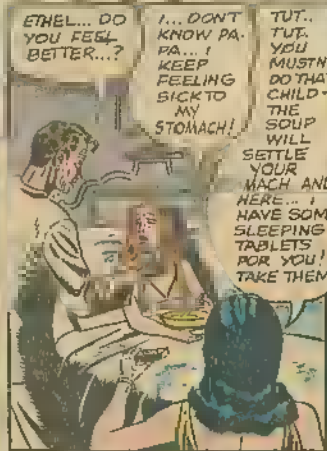
CRIME DOES NOT PAY



CRIME DOES NOT PAY



A LITTLE... JUST A LITTLE AT A TIME AND DOCTORS CAN NEVER TELL!



ETHEL... DO YOU FEEL BETTER...?

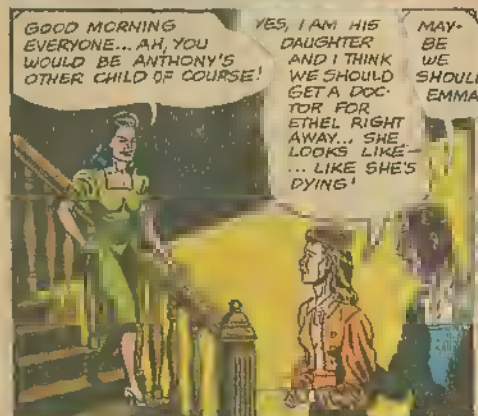
I... DON'T KNOW PA... I KEEP FEELING SICK TO MY STOMACH!

TUT... TUT... YOU MUSTN'T DO THAT CHILD-- THE SOUP WILL SETTLE YOUR MACH AND HERE... I HAVE SOME SLEEPING TABLETS FOR YOU! TAKE THEM.



SUCH WONDERFUL THINGS, SLEEPING PILLS... THEY WILL PUT HER TO SLEEP AND KEEP THE POISON DOWN...

COME TO BED, ANTHONY AND LET HER SLEEP!



GOOD MORNING EVERYONE... AH, YOU WOULD BE ANTHONY'S OTHER CHILD OF COURSE!

YES, I AM HIS DAUGHTER AND I THINK WE SHOULD GET A DOCTOR FOR ETHEL RIGHT AWAY... SHE LOOKS LIKE... LIKE SHE'S DYING!

MAY-BE WE SHOULD, EMMA.



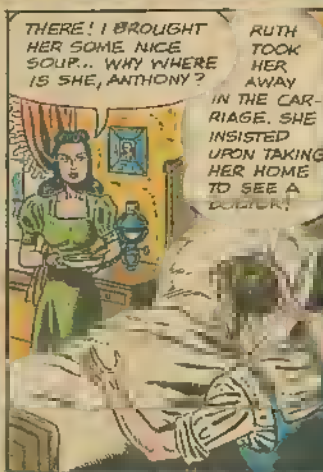
NONSENSE... DOCTORS DON'T DO ANYTHING BUT GIVE COLORED PILLS... SHE JUST HAS AN UPSET STOMACH... I'LL GET HER SOME POTATO SOUP!



I DON'T CARE WHAT YOU SAY... ETHEL IS GOING TO HAVE A DOCTOR!



I FORBID IT... I WON'T HAVE ONE OF THOSE QUACK CREATURES IN MY HOUSE!



THERE! I BROUGHT HER SOME NICE SOUP... WHY WHERE IS SHE, ANTHONY?

RUTH TOOK HER AWAY IN THE CARRIAGE. SHE INSISTED UPON TAKING HER HOME TO SEE A DOCTOR!



BUT DON'T BE UPSET DEAR... SHE'S... SHE'S JUST TRYING TO HELP AND IS SO YOUNG... I'LL HAVE YOUR SOUP!

TRYING TO HELP, IS SHE?... REMEMBER I'M MISTRESS OF THIS HOUSE... YES, DO HAVE SOME SOUP!

CRIME DOES NOT PAY



CRIME DOES NOT PAY

AT THE POLICE STATION...

MEN, THIS HEPPERMAN CASE HAS ALL THE EARMARKS OF ATTEMPTED MURDER! ROGERS I WANT YOU TO CHECK UP ON MRS. HEPPERMAN'S PAST. FIND OUT ALL YOU CAN... KENT, YOU GO OUT TO THE FARM... SHE'S A SCREWBALL, BUT SEE WHAT SHE HAS TO SAY AND LOOK

RIGHT! SHE'S DIPPY ALRIGHT.

THE DETECTIVE REACHES THE HEPPERMAN FARM...

AND THAT'S ALL I KNOW... IT ISN'T MY FAULT THAT THEY GOT SICK! AND THAT I DON'T TRUST DOCTORS... NEVER DID!

I SEE... WELL MRS. HEPPERMAN, YOUR DAUGHTER LOOKS LIKE SHE'LL PULL THROUGH BUT THERE ISN'T MUCH CHANCE FOR YOUR HUSBAND. MIND IF I LOOK AROUND?

SEARCH ALL YOU LIKE... YOU'LL NOT FIND ANY MURDERERS HIDDEN HERE! IT'S ALL AN ACCIDENT!

THANKS! THANKS A LOT!

AT THIS MOMENT AT HEADQUARTERS...

WHAT'S THAT... SAY THAT AGAIN, ROGERS!

EMMA SARANA HAS BEEN MARRIED FIVE OR MORE TIMES BEFORE... ALL HER HUSBANDS DIED EXCEPT ONE... AND GET THIS CHIEF... THEY DIED OF HEART ATTACKS... ACUTE INDIGESTION AND OTHER STOMACH DEATH CERTIFICATES!

WELL, ARSENIC!

SO WHAT... I SUPPOSE IT'S HERE FOR RATS IN THE BARN OR SOMETHING... ALL FARMS HAVE POISON ABOUT, YOU KNOW!

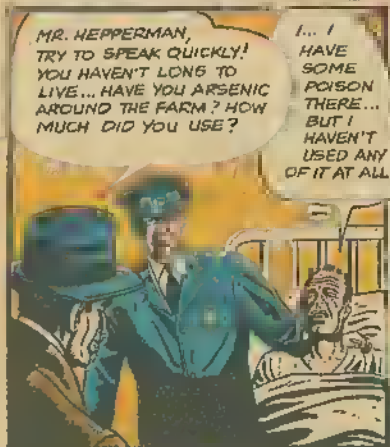
ROGERS, I'M GETTING AN ORDER OUT FOR YOU TO HAVE THOSE BODIES EXHUMED... WE'LL SEE WHAT REALLY KILLED THEM... LET ME KNOW AT ONCE!

RIGHT BOSS!

ARSENIC EH?... WELL UNLESS I MISS MY GUESS THAT'S WHAT HER OTHER BOY FRIENDS DIED FROM! WE'RE GOING TO THE HOSPITAL!

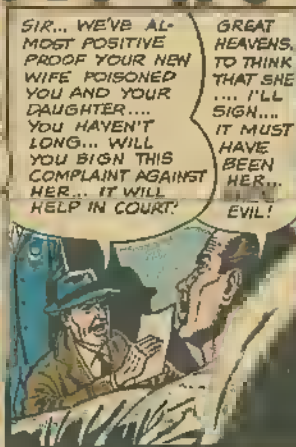
SHE'S A NASTY OLD BIDDY ALRIGHT CHIEF!

CRIME DOES NOT PAY



MR. HEPPERMAN,
TRY TO SPEAK QUICKLY!
YOU HAVEN'T LONG TO
LIVE... HAVE YOU ARSENIC
AROUND THE FARM? HOW
MUCH DID YOU USE?

I... I
HAVE
SOME
POISON
THERE...
BUT I
HAVEN'T
USED ANY
OF IT AT ALL



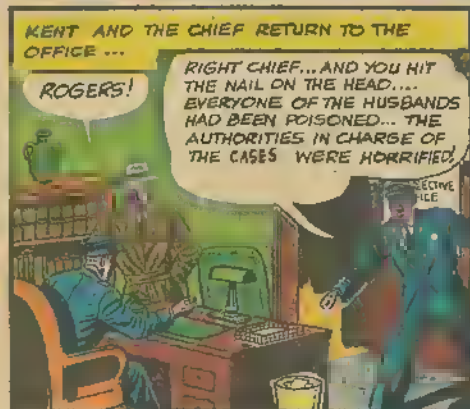
SIR... WE'VE AL-
MOST POSITIVE
PROOF YOUR NEW
WIFE POISONED
YOU AND YOUR
DAUGHTER...
YOU HAVEN'T
LONG... WILL
YOU SIGN THIS
COMPLAINT AGAINST
HER... IT WILL
HELP IN COURT.

GREAT
HEAVENS.
TO THINK
THAT SHE
... I'LL
SIGN...
IT MUST
HAVE
BEEN
HER...
EVIL!



HE'S GONE!

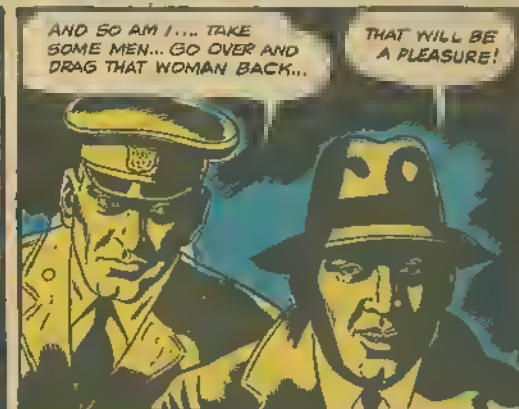
DEAD... AND
JUST AFTER
HE SIGNED
X. THAT FE-
MALE 'DEVIL!



KENT AND THE CHIEF RETURN TO THE
OFFICE ...

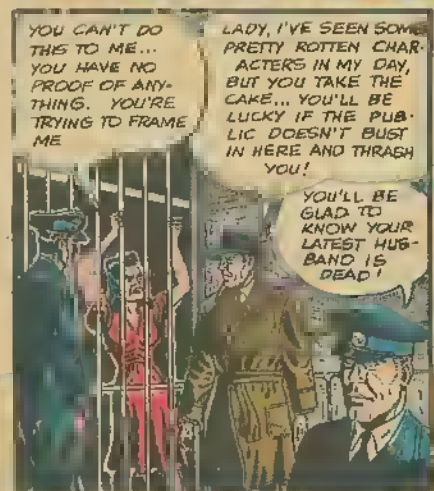
ROGERS!

RIGHT CHIEF... AND YOU HIT
THE NAIL ON THE HEAD...
EVERYONE OF THE HUSBANDS
HAD BEEN POISONED... THE
AUTHORITIES IN CHARGE OF
THE CASES WERE HORRIFIED!



AND SO AM I... TAKE
SOME MEN... GO OVER AND
DRAG THAT WOMAN BACK...

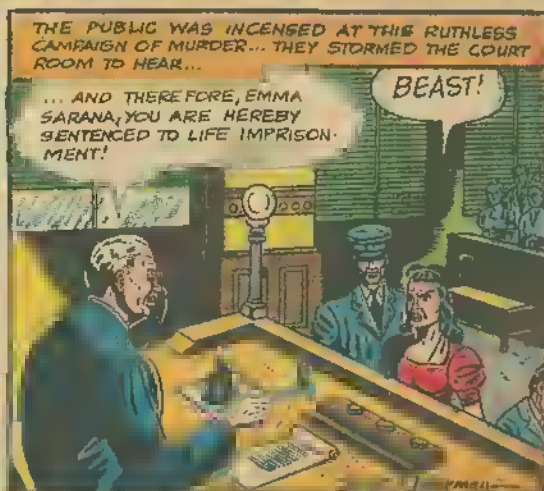
THAT WILL BE
A PLEASURE!



YOU CAN'T DO
THIS TO ME...
YOU HAVE NO
PROOF OF ANY-
THING. YOU'RE
TRYING TO FRAME
ME

LADY, I'VE SEEN SOME
PRETTY ROTTEN CHAR-
ACTERS IN MY DAY,
BUT YOU TAKE THE
CAKE... YOU'LL BE
LUCKY IF THE PUB-
LIC DOESN'T BUST
IN HERE AND THRASH
YOU!

YOU'LL BE
GLAD TO
KNOW YOUR
LATEST HUS-
BAND IS
DEAD!



THE PUBLIC WAS INCENSED AT THIS RUTHLESS
CAMPAIGN OF MURDER... THEY STORMED THE COURT
ROOM TO HEAR...

... AND THEREFORE, EMMA
SARANA, YOU ARE HEREBY
SENTENCED TO LIFE IMPRISON-
MENT!

BEAST!

CRIME DOES NOT PAY

WHO DUNNIT?

SEE IF YOU CAN FIND THE *Murderer*



CRIME DOES NOT PAY

WELL, SOMEBODY KILLED OLD AMBROSE WHITMAN! HE HIRED ME TO PROTECT HIM AND I AIM TO FIND OUT WHO!



THAT OLD CUT-THROAT! I DIDN'T RUN HIS BUSINESS, I'D TELL HIM TO GO TO THE DEVIL—BUT HE'D FIRE ME! I'VE GOT TO GO!



RARNES

HEH! HEH! NOW I'LL WRITE THE INVITATIONS! THEY'LL COME ALL RIGHT!



DEAR MR. AND MRS. ENWRIGHT, PLEASE BE THERE! WHY THAT OLD MONEY-BAG—



MR. ENWRIGHT

I KNOW, DEAR, BUT HE'S MY BROTHER! HE PROMISED YOU A BIG CONTRACT IN INSURANCE!



MRS. ENWRIGHT

OF COURSE HE WAS A GRADE-A LOUSE—BUT BUSINESS IS BUSINESS. ONE DAY HE CAME TO MY OFFICE...

IT'S GOING TO BE A COSTUME PARTY! YOU PROBABLY KNOW MY ISLAND IS MADE OVER LIKE IN THE DAYS OF PIRACY! I'LL GIVE YOU A HUNDRED DOLLARS TO SEE THAT MY GUESTS

FOR A HUNDRED BUCKS I'D EVEN WORK FOR YOU!



SO MY DEAR STINKING BROTHER IS GIVING A PARTY! HE'S GOT MILLIONS AND I WORK LIKE A DOG FOR A LIVING! OH, WELL, HE'LL DIE SOME DAY! BONNIE AND I WILL SHARE IT!

THAT STINKER! I HATE 'IM—EVEN IF HE IS MY UNCLE! BUT I'LL GO FOR THE LAUGHS! MEET AT THE DOCK! I SUPPOSE ONE OF HIS PIRATE BOATS WILL TAKE US OVER!



ROYCE



BILLY

AT EIGHT O'CLOCK... ALL RIGHT, EVERYONE GET ABOARD!

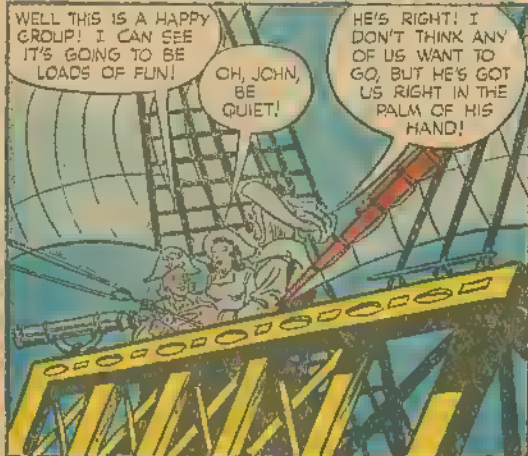


WHERE'S EVERYONE ELSE—AND DON'T TELL ME WE'RE ALL HE INVITED TO THIS SHINDIG!

NO, SIR! THE OTHERS ARE COMING LATER! I HAVE TO MAKE SEVERAL TRIPS IN THIS BOAT!



CRIME DOES NOT PAY



WELL THIS IS A HAPPY GROUP! I CAN SEE IT'S GOING TO BE LOADS OF FUN!

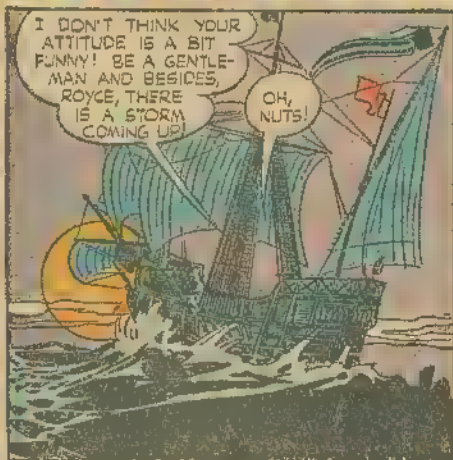
OH, JOHN, BE QUIET!

HE'S RIGHT! I DON'T THINK ANY OF US WANT TO GO, BUT HE'S GOT US RIGHT IN THE PALM OF HIS HAND!



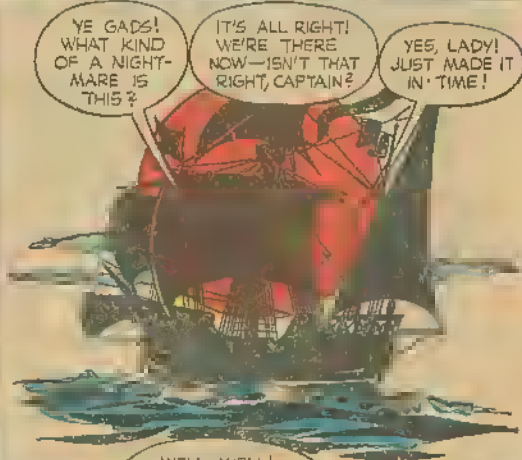
WHY...I...I...DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU MEAN!

OH YES YOU DO, MR. BARNES, BUT LET'S ALL MAKE THE MOST OF IT, FOLKS!



I DON'T THINK YOUR ATTITUDE IS A BIT FUNNY! BE A GENTLEMAN AND BESIDES, ROYCE, THERE IS A STORM COMING UP!

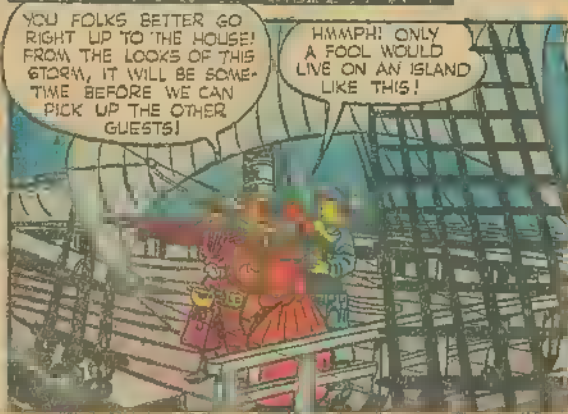
OH, NUTS!



YE GADS! WHAT KIND OF A NIGHTMARE IS THIS?

IT'S ALL RIGHT! WE'RE THERE NOW—ISN'T THAT RIGHT, CAPTAIN?

YES, LADY! JUST MADE IT IN TIME!



YOU FOLKS BETTER GO RIGHT UP TO THE HOUSE! FROM THE LOOKS OF THIS STORM, IT WILL BE SOME TIME BEFORE WE CAN PICK UP THE OTHER GUESTS!

HMMPH! ONLY A FOOL WOULD LIVE ON AN ISLAND LIKE THIS!

WELL, WELL! MY FIRST BOATLOAD OF GUESTS HAVE ARRIVED—AND ALL BEING RELATED TO ME! COME IN, COME IN!

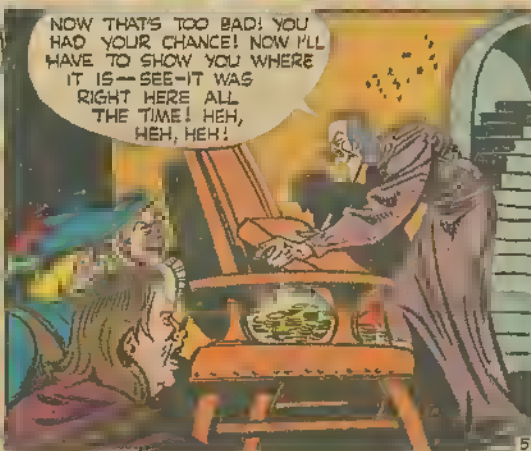
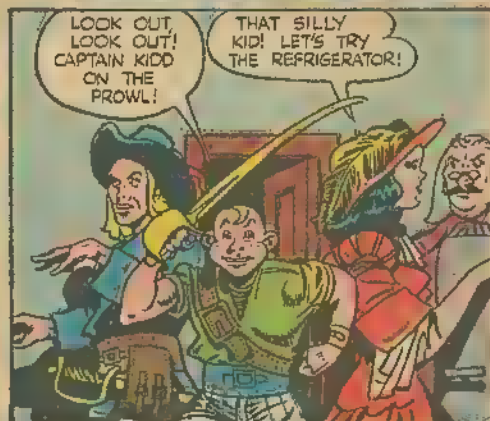
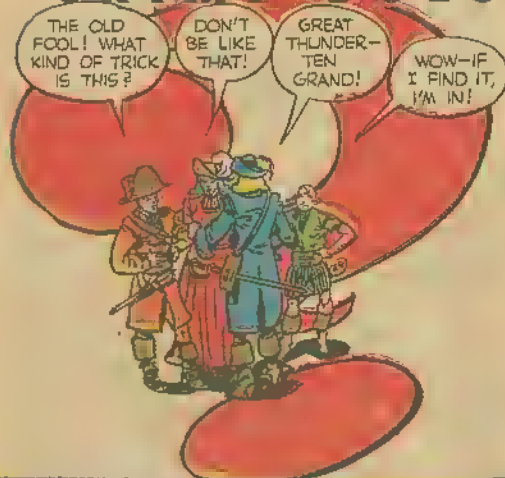
HELLO, MR. WHITMAN!

HAPPY PARTY, FATHER!

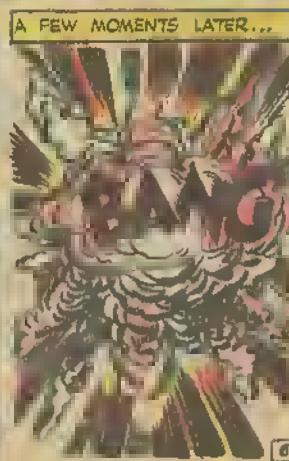
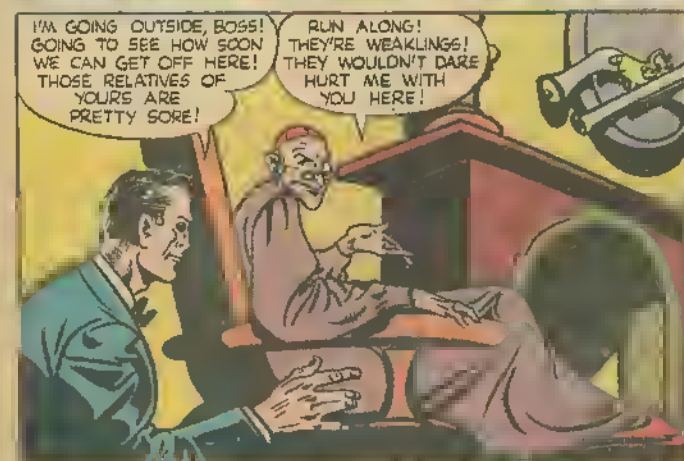
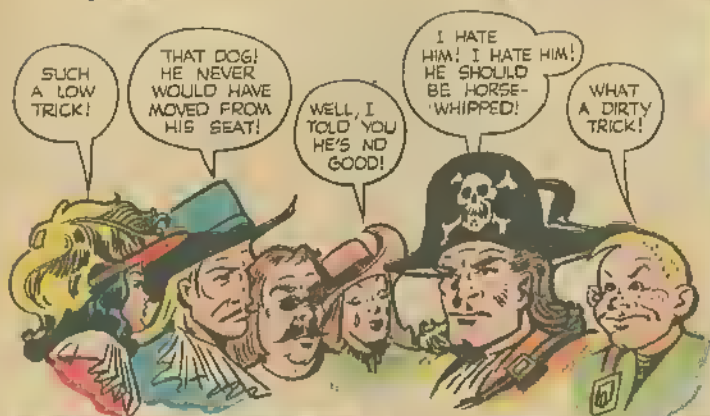
GREETINGS!



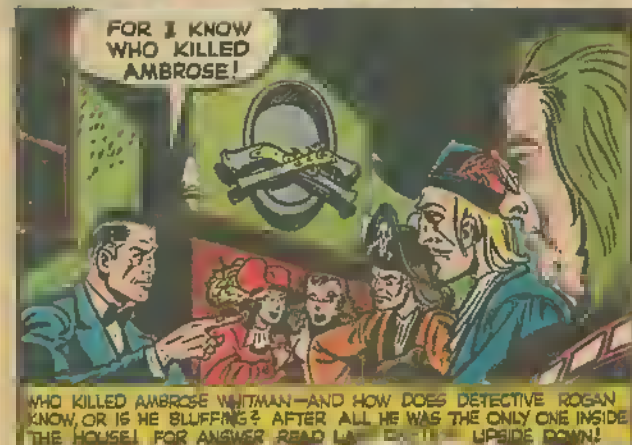
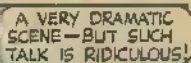
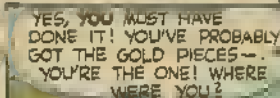
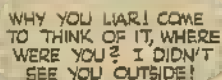
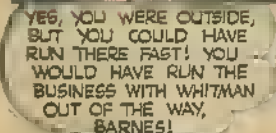
CRIME DOES NOT PAY



CRIME DOES NOT PAY

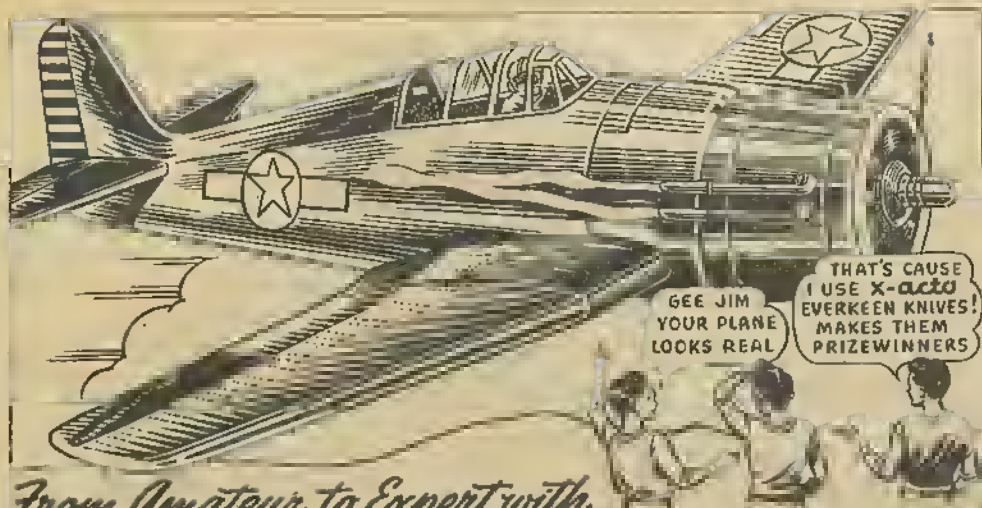


CRIME DOES NOT PAY



ROGAN KNOWS THAT BONNIE KILLED
HIS BROTHER AMBROSE. SHE PUT
POWDER AND SHOT INTO THE GUN, KNOW-
ING THE HEAT FROM FIREPLACE WOULD
SET IT OFF AND THAT AMBROSE SAT
DIRECTLY IN THE LINE OF FIRE. SHE
CALLED ATTENTION TO THE SHIP SO
THAT SHE WOULD HAVE TIME TO PUT
THE SHOT IN. SHE WAS THE ONLY
ONE WHO KNEW WHERE TO REACH
THE POWDER AND SHOT. SHE KNEW
AMBROSE ALWAYS SAT IN THAT CHAIR,
NO ONE ELSE BUT HER BROTHER.
WOULD HAVE KNOWN THESE THINGS
AND HE WAS ON THE POCK LOCK-
ING AT THE SHIP THE ONLY TIME
THERE WAS A CHANCE?

SOLUTION



From Amateur to Expert with

X-acto

THE PERFECT
KNIFE FOR A
PERFECT JOB

CHANGEABLE BLADES KEEP YOUR KNIFE SHARP

X-ACTO NO. 1 with blade—accommodates blades 10, 11, 12. For light and medium work. 1 No. 51 24—No. 1 handle with 5 thin blades—\$1.00

X-ACTO NO. 2 with blade—handle accommodates blades 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25. For heavy work. 1 No. 28 24—No. 2 handle with 6 thin blades—\$1.00

50¢ EACH

No. 1 →
ORDER
YOUR
X-ACTO
TODAY...
see it on
display at
mail leading
hardware,
hobby shops
or department stores
... or send
coupon direct
to us.

1-5616 CINCINNATI PRIN. CO.
420-4th Avenue, New York 16, N.Y.

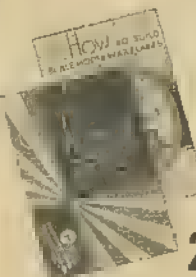
RE-BLADE TO RE-SHARPEN



Hi teller! Here's what you're looking for. The tool that will make your planes real prize winners. X-ACTO is the name... and it's a real professional carving tool used in the plane plants today. Now you can order it for making your model planes. It's always sharp because you can change the blades... and the blades are designed to get into every corner and groove. You'll find hundreds of uses for X-ACTO from carving your props to shaping the fuselage exactly as it should be done. Order your knife today... start building the perfect models that are selected as prize winners throughout the nation.

NO. 82—X-ACTO KNIFE CHEST

3 X-ACTO knife handles, 12 assorted blades in handy wooden Knife Chest. Each blade has its own compartment. Plastic handles. \$3.50



KIT NO. 62
Dible knife set,
2 handles and 12
assorted blades.
\$2.00

**2
BIG
BOOKS**

How To Build Scale Model War Planes and The Whittlers' and Woodcarvers' Handbook can now be yours. Either book sent free with orders of \$1.00 at avpt. Both books free with \$3.50 or \$5.00 order. If ordered separately, 10c each. Mention books desired when ordering.

buy it by
MAIL—
OR
AT
YOUR
LOCAL
X-ACTO
DEALER

\$2.00

\$3.50

NO. 83—NEW
DELUXE
CHAMPION
Series 1st, with
laminated aluminum
knife handle
—\$5.00

X-ACTO CRESCENT PRODUCTS CO.,
DEPT. 3408 440-4th Avenue,
New York 16, N.Y.

Send if you X-ACTO knife checked. If it is understood, it is not returned. I will return a like size set. See below.
☐ I will pay postage 8¢ in full payment.
☐ Enclosed find 1— ☐ Kit No. 82—\$2.00 ☐ Kit No. 83—\$5.00
☐ Kit No. 84—\$1.00 ☐ Kit No. 85—\$1.00 ☐ Kit No. 86—\$1.00
☐ Kit No. 87—\$1.00 ☐ Kit No. 88—\$1.00 ☐ Kit No. 89—\$1.00
☐ Kit No. 90—\$1.00 ☐ Kit No. 91—\$1.00 ☐ Kit No. 92—\$1.00
☐ Kit No. 93—\$1.00 ☐ Kit No. 94—\$1.00 ☐ Kit No. 95—\$1.00
☐ Kit No. 96—\$1.00 ☐ Kit No. 97—\$1.00 ☐ Kit No. 98—\$1.00
☐ Kit No. 99—\$1.00 ☐ Kit No. 100—\$1.00

NAME (Please Print Plainly).....

STREET.....

CITY..... STATE.....

NOTE: If you live in U. S. A., send money order in U. S. funds

